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VOLUME III

Masterpieces of
American Wit and Humor

James Whitcomb Riley.

Masterpieces of American Wit and Humor

Edited by Thomas L. Masson

VOLUME III

By

Bill Nye — Frank R. Stockton
Jas. Whitcomb Riley — Henry Cuyler Brunner
Edward Everett Hale — Artemus Ward
and others

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ROBERT JONES BURDETTE

THE VACATION OP MUSTAPHA

NOW in the sixth month, in the reign of the good Caliph, it was so that Mustapha said, "I am wearied with much work; thought, care and worry have worn me out; I need repose, for the hand of exhaustion is upon me, and death even now lieth at the door."

And he called his physician, who felt of his pulse and looked upon his tongue and said:

"Twodollahs!" (For this was the oath by which all physicians swore.) "Of a verity thou must have rest. Flee unto the valley of quiet, and close thine eyes in dreamful rest; hold back thy brain from thought and thy hand from labor, or you will be a candidate for the asylum in three weeks."

And he heard him, and went out, and put the business in the hands of the clerk, and went away to rest in the valley of quiet. And he went to his Uncle Ben's, whom he had not seen for lo! these fourteen years. Now, his Uncle Ben was a farmer, and abode in the valley of rest, and the mountains of repose rose round about him. And he was rich, and well favored, and strong as an ox, and healthy as an onion crop. Ofttimes he boasted to his

neighbors that there was not a lazy bone in his body, and he swore that he hated a lazy man.

And Mustapha wist not that it was so.

But when he reached his Uncle Ben's they received him with great joy, and placed before him a supper of homely viands well cooked, and piled up on his plate like the wreck of a box-car. And when he could not eat all, they laughed him to scorn.

And after supper they sat up with him and talked with him about relatives whereof he had never, in all his life, so much as heard. And he answered their questions at random, and lied unto them, professing to know Uncle Ezra and Aunt Bethesda, and once he said that he had a letter from Uncle George last week.

Now they all knew that Uncle George was shot in a neighbor's sheep-pen three years ago, but Mustapha wist not that it was so, and he was sleepy, and only talked to fill up the time. And then they talked politics to him, and he hated politics. So about one o'clock in the morning they sent him to bed.

Now the spare room wherein he slept was right under the roof, and there were ears and bundles of ears of seed corn hung from the rafters; and he bunged his eyes with the same, and he hooked his chin in festoons of dried apples, and shook dried herbs and seeds down his back as he walked along, for it was dark. And when he sat up in bed in the night he ran a scythe in his ear.

And it was so that the four boys slept with him, for the bed was wide. And they were restless, and slumbered crosswise and kicked, so that Mustapha slope not a wink that night, neither closed he his eyes.

And about the fourth hour after midnight his Uncle Ben smote him on the back and spake unto him, saying:

"Awake, arise, rustle out of this and wash your face, for the liver and bacon are fried and the breakfast waiteth. You will find the well down at the other end of the cow-lot. Take a towel with you."

When they had eaten, his Uncle Ben spake unto him, saying, "Come, let us stroll around the farm."

And they walked about eleven miles. And his Uncle Ben sat him upon a wagon and taught him how to load hay. Then they drove into the barn, and he taught him how to unload it. Then they girded up their loins and walked four miles, even into the forest, and his Uncle Ben taught him how to chop wood, and then walked back to supper. And the morning and the evening were the first day, and Mustapha wished that he were dead.

And after supper his Uncle Ben spoke once more, and said: "Come, let us have some fun." And so they hooked up a team and drove nine miles, down to Belcher's Ranch, where there was a hop. And they danced until the second hour in the morning.

When the next day was come — which wasn't long, for already the night was far spent—his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to make rail fence. And that night there was a wedding, and they danced, and made merry, and drank, and ate, and when they went to bed at three o'clock, Mustapha prayed that death might come to him before breakfast time. But breakfast had an early start, and got there first. And his Uncle Ben took him down to the creek, and taught him how to wash and shear sheep. And when evening was come they went to spelling-school, and they got home at the first hour after midnight, and Uncle Ben marveled that it was so early. And he lighted his pipe, and sat up for an hour and told Mustapha all about the forty acres he bought last spring of old Mosey Stringer, to finish out that north half, and about the new colt that was foaled last spring.

And when Mustapha went to bed that morning he bethought himself of a dose of strychnine he had with him, and he said his prayers wearily, and he took it. But the youngest boy was restless that night, and kicked all the poison out of him in less than ten seconds.

And in the morning, while it was yet night, they ate breakfast. And his Uncle Ben took him out and taught him how to dig a ditch.

And when evening was come there was a revival meeting at Ebenezer Methodist Church; they all went. And there were three regular

preachers and two exhorters, and a Baptist evangelist. And when midnight was come, they went home and sat up and talked over the meeting until it was bedtime.

Now, when Mustapha was at home, he left his desk at the fifth hour in the afternoon, and he went to bed at the third hour after sunset, and he arose not until the sun was high in the heavens.

So the next day, when his Uncle Ben would take him out into the field and show him how to make a post-and-rail fence, Mustapha would swear at him and smote him with an ax-helve and fled, and got himself home.

And Mustapha sent for his physician and cursed him. And he said he was tired to death; he turned his face to the wall and died. So Mustapha was gathered to his fathers.

And his physician and his friends mourned and said, "Alas, he did not rest soon enough. He tarried at his desk too long."

But his Uncle Ben, who came in to attend the funeral, and had to do all his weeping out of one eye, because the other was blacked half way down to his chin, said it was a pity, but Mustapha was too awfully lazy to live, and he had no get-up about him.

But Mustapha wist not what they said, because he was dead. So they divided his property among them, and said if he wanted a tombstone he might have attended to it himself, while he was yet alive, because they had no time. —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

THE GREAT AMERICAN TRAVELER

"Excuse me," said the man with side whiskers, as he turned to the passenger on the seat behind him, "but I heard you speaking of Europe awhile ago. You have been there, I take it?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"And I am on my way to New York to take a steamer to London. Were you in London?"

"Oh, yes."

"How much of London can I see in two days?"

"A mile or two, I should say."

"A mile or two — that will do first rate," said the side-whiskered man as he took out pencil and note-book. "How long should you think I ought to stay in Paris?"

"From eight in the morning to six in the evening, at least. In that time you can see at least four blocks of Paris."

"Thanks! Four blocks—ten hours. Good! Is the tomb of the great Napoleon at Paris?"

"Of course not."

"Glad of that. If it was I should feel obliged to go and see it, and it always gives me the headache to look at tombs. I am told that I ought to go to Rome. Anything special to see in Rome?"

"A few ruins, I believe," replied the man who had been there.

"Then I shall skip Rome. Half of my town burned up last year, and there's no end of ruins to be seen right at home. I've seen the track of a cyclone, too, and you can't beat that for slivers and splinters and ruins. I'll find Switzerland over there somewhere, I suppose?"

"Yes, if you make inquiries."

"I've been told to take it in. Most all mountains, I believe. How long had I ought to be doing Switzerland?"

"At least a couple of hours."

"I can give it half a day if I find it interesting. I've got it down here to go to Naples, and to go from Naples to Vesuvius. Vesuvius is a volcano, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I never saw one, and don't know as I care to. We had the biggest spring freshet in the Wabash this year known since 1848, and a man who has seen seven houses and barns floating down a river all at once can't feel knocked out at sight of a volcano. How's Venice?"

"It was all right when I was there, though most of the people had the grip. You ought to put in a full day in Venice."

"Half a day is all I can spare, and I shall spend most of that in a gondola. Europe, taken altogether, is quite a country, isn't it?"

"Yes, a pretty fair country."

"A man who hustles along can see most of it in three weeks, can't he?"

"He ought to."

"Well, I'm going to give it three weeks, and perhaps an extra day or two, and then scoot back here, and if my going abroad don't knock the other grocers in my town galley west I'll put the price of eggs down to ten cents a dozen and hold 'em down till I have got to go into bankruptcy! Thanks, sir; I've got it all down here — Europe—Rome—Naples —Venice — three weeks — no tombs — git up and dust and get back home again. Come into the smoker and have a nickel cigar with me."

Soon after the death of Jay Gould, Robinson was trying to instil into his youngest the moral of money-getting. The little fellow sat on his father's knee and listened intently.

"Now, Ralph, my boy, here are two men typical of this generation, Gould and George W. Childs. The one made riches his god, and sacrificed everything, even life, to the search for wealth. The other won his wealth through honorable exertions, and uses his riches to make people happier and nobler. Now, which would my boy rather be?"

Ralph thought.

"Childs," he answered.

Robinson gazed lovingly at the youngster. "Ah, that's my own boy," he said. "Now, why would you rather be Childs?"

"'Cause he ain't dead."

CANDOR

OCTOBER—A WOOD

"I KNOW what you're going to say," she said,
And she rose up looking uncommonly tall;
"You are going to speak of the hectic fall,
And say you're sorry the summer's dead.
And no other summer was like it, you know,
And can I imagine what made it so?
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said;
"You are going to ask if I forgot
That day in June when the woods were wet,
And you carried me"—here she dropped her head—
"Over the creek; you are going to say,
Do I remember that horrid day.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," she said:
"You are going to say that since that time
You have rather tended to run to rhyme,
And"—her clear glance fell and her cheek grew red—
"And have I noticed your tone was queer?—
Why, everybody has seen it here!—
Now, aren't you, honestly?" "Yes," I said.

"I know what you're going to say," I said;
"You're going to say you've been much annoyed,
And I'm short of tact—you will say devoid—
And I'm clumsy and awkward, and call me Ted,
And I bear abuse like a dear old lamb,
And you'll have me, anyway, just as I am.
Now aren't you, honestly?" "Ye-es," she said.

H. C. BUNNER.

—*Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere.*

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"The complaint of the farmer is proverbial," said a gentleman recently, "and a season in which he would not be able to find some cause for it would be extremely rare. I have just come from the West, where I have had occasion to visit a great number of farming districts, and I must say I have never seen such crops as they are having there this year. One farmer was showing me the result of fine growing weather and superior skill in cultivating when I said to him:

"'Well, you ought to be satisfied with such crops as these. There is certainly nothing lacking. You have no cause for complaint this year.'

"The old farmer scratched his head and stood in a meditative mood for a moment, then hesitatingly replied, 'Well, you know, such crops as these is pesky hard on the soil.'"

THE FRENCHMAN'S VERSION

Le Monsieur Adam vake from hees nap une
fine day,
In ze beautiful gardaine and see
Une belle demoiselle fast asleep, and he say,
"Voila, la chance! here ees something zat may
Be mooch interesting to me."

Ven he open hees eye to admire ze view,
Viz her fan madame covaire her face;
Zen monsieur to madame say, "*Bon jour; voulez
vous*,
Go for une promenade?" And zey valk out,
ze two,
In zat very mooch beautiful place.

Vnere Monsieur le Serpent he sit in ze tree,
Zey come, and ze madame she cry—
"Oh, Monsieur le Serpent, *voulez vous* not have
ze
Bonte for to peek some fine apple for me?"
"*Certainement!*" ze serpent reply.

"Hold, hold, *mon ami!*" zen Monsieur Adam
speak,
"Vat madness ees zis? Don't you know
It ees wrong to eat from ze tree vich you seek?"
But ze snake in ze branches ees pretty and sleek,
And he smile on ze madame below.

"Oh, Monsieur Adam! vat you say is not true.
For do you not know," say ze snake,
"Zere ees notting vatevaire prohibited to
Ze ladies? Madame, let me offaire to you
Ze fruit." And ze madame she take.

Une curtsey she make; zen ze serpent he fill
Her apron viz apples and say,
"Monsieur Adam, eat of zis fruit, zin you vill
Be vise like un god; know ze good and ze ill;
Ze tings of ze night and ze day.

"But as for ze lady she nevaire could be—"
Here ze snake make hees grandest salaam—
"More lak une vise, beautiful goddess," say he
(And smiling and bowing his sweetest), "zan she
Ees now!" And zat fineesh madame.

At the wedding anniversary of a railway magnate, one of the guests, noticing a somewhat lonely looking and rather shabbily attired man in one corner of the parlor, walked over and sat down near him.

"I was introduced to you," said he, "but I did not catch your name."

"My name," replied the other, "is Swaddleford."

"Oh, then, you are a relative of our host?"

"Yes," rejoined the "poor relation," with a grin, "I am his cousin, five hundred thousand dollars removed."

KATHERINE KENT CHILD WALKER

THE TOTAL DEPRAVITY OF INANIMATE THINGS

I AM confident that, at the annunciation of my theme, Andover, Princeton and Cambridge will skip like rams, and the little hills of East Windsor, Meadville and Fairfax, like lambs. However divinity schools may refuse to "skip" in unison, and may butt and batter each other about the doctrine and origin of *human* depravity, all will join devoutly in the *credo*, I believe in the total depravity of inanimate things.

The whole subject lies in a nutshell, or, rather, an apple-skin. We have clerical authority for affirming that all its miseries were let loose upon the human race by "them greenin's" tempting our mother to curious pomological speculations; and from that time till now—Longfellow, thou reasonest well!—"things are not what they seem," but are diabolically otherwise—masked batteries, nets, gins, and snares of evil.

(In this connection I am reminded of—can I ever cease to remember?—the unlucky lecturer at our lyceum a few winters ago, who, on rising to address his audience, applauding him all the while most vehemently, pulled out

his handkerchief, for oratorical purposes only, and inadvertently flung from his pocket three "Baldwins" that a friend had given to him on his way to the hall, straight into the front row of giggling girls.)

My zeal on this subject received new impetus recently from an exclamation which pierced the thin partitions of the country parsonage, once my home, where I chanced to be a guest.

From the adjoinng dressing-room issued a prolonged "Y-ah!"—not the howl of a spoiled child, nor the protest of a captive gorilla, but the whole-souled utterance of a mighty son of Anak, whose amiability is invulnerable to weapons of human aggravation.

I paused in the midst of toilet exigencies, and listened sympathetically, for I recognized the probable presence of the old enemy to whom the bravest and sweetest succumb.

Confirmation and explanation followed speedily in the half apologetic, wholly wrathful declaration—"The pitcher was made foolish in the first place." I dare affirm that, if the spirit of Lindley Murray himself were at that moment hovering over that scene of trial, he dropped a tear, or, better still, an adverbial *ly* upon the false grammar, and blotted it out forever.

I comprehended the scene at once. I had been there. I felt again the remorseless swash of the water over neat boots and immaculate hose; I saw the perverse intricacies of its mean-

derings over the carpet, upon which the "foolish" pitcher had been confidingly deposited: I knew, beyond the necessity of ocular demonstration, that, as sure as there were "pipe-holes" or cracks in the ceiling of the study below, those inaminate things would inevitably put their evil heads together and bring to grief the long-suffering Dominie, with whom, during my day, such inundations had been of at least bi-weekly occurrence, instigated by crinoline. The inherent wickedness of that "thing of beauty" will be acknowledged by all mankind, and by every female not reduced to the deplorable poverty of the heroine of the following veracious anecdote.

A certain good bishop, on making a tour of inspection through a mission-school of his diocese, was so impressed by the aspect of all its beneficiaries that his heart overflowed with joy, and he exclaimed to a little maiden whose appearance was particularly suggestive of creature-comforts—"Why, my little girl! you have everything that heart can wish, haven't you?" Imagine the bewilderment and horror of the prelate, when the miniature Flora McFlimsey drew down the corners of her mouth lugubriously, and sought to accommodate the puffs and dimples of her fat little body to an expression of abject misery, as she replied: "No, indeed, sir! I haven't got any—skeleton!"

We who have suffered know the disposition of graceless "skeletons" to hang themselves

on "foolish" pitchers, bureau-knobs, rockers, cobblestones, splinters, nails, and, indeed, any projection a tenth of a line beyond a dead level.

The mention of nails is suggestive of voluminous distresses. Country parsonages, from some inexplicable reason, are wont to bristle all over with these impish assailants of human comfort.

I never ventured to leave my masculine relatives to their own devices for more than twenty-four consecutive hours, that I did not return to find that they had seemingly manifested their grief at my absence after the old Hebraic method ("more honored in the breach than the observance"), by rending their garments. When summoned to their account, the invariable defense has been a vehement denunciation of some particular *nail* as the guilty cause of my woes.

By the way, O Christian woman of the nineteenth century, did it ever enter your heart to give devout thanks that you did not share the woe of those whose fate it was to "sojourn in Mesech and dwell in the tents of Kedar"? that it did not fall to your lot to do the plain sewing and mending for some Jewish patriarch, or prophet of yore?

Realize, if you can, the masculine aggravation and the feminine long-suffering of a period when the head of a family could neither go downtown, nor even sit at his tent-door, without

descrying some wickedness in high places, some insulting placard, some exasperating war-bulletin, some offensive order from headquarters, which caused him to transform himself instantly into an animated ragbag. Whereas, in these women-saving days, similar grievances send President Abraham into his cabinet to issue a proclamation, the Reverend Jeremiah into his pulpit with a scathing homily, Poet-Laureate David to the *Atlantic* with a burning lyric, and Major-General Joab to the privacy of his tent, there to calm his perturbed spirit with Drake's Plantation Bitters. In humble imitation of another, I would state that this indorsement of the potency of a specific is entirely gratuitous, and that I am stimulated thereto by no remuneration, fluid or otherwise.

Blessed be this day of sewing machines for women and of safety-valves and innocent explosives for their lords!

But this is a digression.

I woke up very early in life to the consciousness that I held the doctrine which we are considering.

On a hapless day, when I was perhaps five-years old, I was, in my own estimation, intrusted with the family dignity, when I was deposited for the day at the house of a lordly Pharisee of the parish, with solemnly repeated instructions in table manners and the like.

One who never analyzed the mysteries of a

sensitive child's heart cannot appreciate the sense of awful responsibility which oppressed me during that visit. But all went faultlessly for a time. I corrected myself instantly each time I said, "Yes, ma'am," to Mr. Simon, and "No, sir," to Madam, which was as often as I addressed them; I clenched little fists and lips resolutely, that they might not touch, taste, handle, tempting *bijouterie*. I even held in check the spirit of inquiry rampant within me, and indulged myself with only one question to every three minutes of time.

At last I found myself at the handsome dinner-table, triumphantly mounted upon two "Comprehensive Commentaries" and a dictionary, fearing no evil from the viands before me. Least of all did I suspect the vegetables of guile. But deep in the heart of a bland, mealy mouthed potato lurked cruel designs upon my fair reputation.

No sooner had I, in the most approved style of nursery good-breeding, applied my fork to its surface, than the hard-hearted thing executed a wild *pirouette* before my astonished eyes, and then flew on impish wings across the room, dashing out its malicious brains, I am happy to say, against the parlor door, but leaving me in a half-comatose state, stirred only by vague longings for a lodge with a "proud Korah's troop," whose destination is unmistakably set forth in the "Shorter Catechism."

There is a possibility that I inherited my

innate distrust of things from my maternal grandmother, whose holy horror at the profanity they once provoked from a bosom friend in her childhood was still vivid in her old age.

It was on this wise: When still a pretty Puritan maiden, my grandame was tempted irresistibly by the spring sunshine to the tabooed indulgence of a Sunday walk. The temptation was probably intensified by the presence of the British troops, giving unwonted fascination to village promenades. Her confederate in this guilty pleasure was a like-minded little saint; so there was a tacit agreement between them that their transgression should be sanctified by a strict adherence to religious topics of conversation. Accordingly they launched boldly upon the great subject which was just then agitating church circles in New England.

Fortune smiled upon these criminals against the Blue Laws, until they encountered a wall surmounted by hickory rails. Without intermitting the discussion, Susannah sprang agilely up. Quoth she, balancing herself for one moment upon the summit—"No, no, Betsey, *I* believe God is the author of sin!" The next, she sprang toward the ground; but a salient splinter, a chip of depravity, clutched her Sunday gown, and converted her, incontinently, it seems, into a confessor of the opposing faith; for history records that, following the above-mentioned dogma, there came from hitherto unstained lips—"The Devil!"

Time and space would, of course, be inadequate to the enumeration of all the demonstrations of the truth of the doctrine of the absolute depravity of things. A few examples only can be cited.

There is melancholy pleasure in the knowledge that a great soul has gone mourning before me in the path I am now pursuing. It was only to-day that, in glancing over the pages of Victor Hugo's greatest work, I chanced upon the following: "Everyone will have noticed with what skill a coin let fall upon the ground runs to hide itself, and what art it has in rendering itself invisible; there are thoughts which play us the same trick," etc., etc.

The similar tendency of pins and needles is universally understood and execrated—their base secretiveness when searched for, and their incensing intrusion when one is off guard.

I know a man whose sense of their malignity is so keen that, whenever he catches a gleam of their treacherous lustre on the carpet, he instantly draws his two and a quarter yards of length into the smallest possible compass, and shrieks until the domestic police come to the rescue, and apprehend the sharp little villains. Do not laugh at this. Years ago he lost his choicest friend by the stab of just such a little dastard lying in ambush.

So, also, every wielder of the needle is familiar with the propensity of the several parts of a garment in the process of manufacture to turn

themselves wrong side out, and down side up; and the same viciousness cleaves like leprosy to the completed garment so long as a thread remains.

My blood still tingles with a horrible memory illustrative of this truth.

Dressing hurriedly and in darkness for a concert one evening, I appealed to the Dominie, as we passed under the hall lamp, for a toilet inspection.

"How do I look, father?"

After a sweeping glance came the candid statement:

"Beau-tifully!"

Oh, the blessed glamour which invests a child whose father views her "with a critic's eye!"

"Yes, *of course;* but look carefully, please; how is my dress?"

Another examination of apparently severest scrutiny.

"All right, dear! That's the new cloak, is it? Never saw you look better. Come, we shall be late."

Confidingly I went to the hall; confidingly I entered; since the concert-room was crowded with rapt listeners to the Fifth Symphony, I, gingerly, but still confidingly, followed the author of my days, and the critic of my toilet, to the very uppermost seat, which I entered, barely nodding to my finically fastidious friend, Guy Livingston, who was seated near us with

a stylish looking stranger, who bent eyebrows and glass upon me superciliously.

Seated, the Dominie was at once lifted in the midst of the massive harmonies of the *adagio;* I lingered outside a moment in order to settle my garments and—that woman's look. What! was that a partially suppressed titter near me! Ah! she has no soul for music! How such ill-timed merriment will jar upon my friend's exquisite sensibilities!

Shade of Bethoven! A hybrid cough and laugh, smothered decorously, but still recognizable, from the courtly Guy himself! What can it mean?

In my perturbation my eyes fell, and rested upon the sack whose newness and glorifying effect had been already noticed by my lynx-eyed parent.

I here pause to remark that I had intended to request the compositor to "set up" the coming sentence in explosive capitals, by way of emphasis, but forbear, realizing that it already staggers under the weight of its own significance.

That sack was wrong side out!

Stern necessity, proverbially known as "the mother of invention," and practically the stepmother of ministers' daughters had made me eke out the silken facings of the front with cambric linings for the back and sleeves. Accordingly, in the full blaze of the concert room, there sat I, "accoutered as I was in motley attire—my homely little economies

patent to admiring spectators; on either shoulder, budding wings composed of unequal parts of sarsenet-cambric and cotton-batting; and in my heart—*parricide* I had almost said, but it was rather the more filial sentiment of desire to operate for cataract upon my father's eyes. But a moment's reflection sufficed to transfer my indignation to its proper object, the sinful sack itself, which, concerting with its kindred darkness, had planned this cruel assault upon my innocent pride.

A constitutional obtuseness renders me delightfully insensible to our fruitful source of provocation among inanimate things. I am so dull as to regard all distinctions between "rights" and "lefts" as invidious; but I have witnessed the agonized struggles of many a victim of fractious boots, and been thankful that "I am not as other men are," in ability to comprehend the difference between my right and left foot. Still, as already intimated, I have seen wise men driven mad by a thing of leather and waxed-ends.

A little innocent of three years, in all the pride of his first boots, was aggravated by the perversity of the right to thrust itself on to the left leg, to the utterance of a contraband expletive.

When reproved by his horror-stricken mamma, he maintained a dogged silence.

In order to pierce his apparently indurated conscience, his censor finally said, solemnly:

"Dugald! God knows that you said that wicked word."

"Does He?" cried the baby victim of total depravity, in a tone of relief; "then *He* knows it was a doke" (*Anglice*, joke).

But, mind you, the sin-tempting boot intended no "doke."

The toilet, with its multiform details and complicated machinery, is a demon whose surname is Legion.

Time would fail me to speak of the elusiveness of soap, the knottiness of strings, the transitory nature of buttons, the inclination of suspenders to twist, and of hooks to forsake their lawful eyes and cleave only unto the hairs of their hapless owners' head. (It occurs to me as barely possible that, in the last case, the hooks may be innocent, and the sinfulness may lie in *capillary* attraction.)

And, O my brother or sister in sorrow, has it never befallen you, when bending all your energies to the mighty task of "doing" your back hair, to find yourself gazing inanely at the opaque back of your brush, while the hand-mirror, which had maliciously insinuated itself into your right hand for this express purpose, came down upon your devoted head with a resonant whack?

I have alluded, parenthetically, to the possible guilt of capillary attraction, but I am prepared to maintain against the attraction of gravitation the charge of total depravity.

Indeed, I should say of it, as did the worthy exhorter of the Dominie's old parish in regard to slavery, "It's the wickedest thing in the world, except sin!"

It was only the other day that I saw depicted upon the young divine's countenance, from this cause, thoughts "too deep for tears," and, perchance, too earthly for clerical utterance.

From a mingling of sanitary and economic considerations, he had cleared his own sidewalk after a heavy snowstorm. As he stood leaning upon his shovel, surveying with smiling complacency his accomplished task, the spite of the arch-fiend Gravitation was raised against him, and, finding the impish slates (hadn't Luther something to say about "*as many devils as tiles?*") ready to coöperate, an avalanche was the result, making the last state of that sidewalk worse than the first, and sending the divine into the house with a battered hat, and an Article of Faith supplementary to the orthodox Thirty-Nine.

Prolonged reflection upon a certain class of grievances has convinced me that mankind has generally ascribed them to a guiltless source. I refer to the unspeakable aggravation of "typographical errors," rightly so-called—for, in nine cases out of ten, I opine it is the types themselves which err.

I appeal to fellow-sufferers if the substitutions and false combinations of letters are not often altogether too absurd for humanity.

Take as one instance the experience of a friend who, in writing in all innocency of a session of the Historical Society, affirmed mildly in manuscript, "All went smoothly," but weeks after was made to declare in blatant print, "All went *snoringly!*"

As among men, so in the alphabet, one sinner destroyeth much good.

The genial Senator from the Granite Hills told me of an early aspiration of his own for literary distinction which was beheaded remorselessly by a villain of this type. By way of majestic peroration to a pathetic article, he had exclaimed, "For what would we exchange the fame of Washington?"—referring, I scarcely need say, to the man of fragrant memory, and not to the odorous capital. The black-hearted little dies, left to their own devices one night, struck dismay to the heart of the aspirant author by propounding in black and white a prosaic inquiry as to what would be considered a fair equivalent for the *farm* of the Father of his Country!

Among frequent instances of this depravity in my own experience, a flagrant example still shows its ugly front on a page of a child's book. In the latest edition of "Our Little Girls" (good Mr. Randolph, pray read, mark, learn and inwardly digest), there occurs a description of a christening, wherein a venerable divine is made to dip "his *head*" into the consecrating water, and lay it upon the child.

Total Depravity of Inanimate Things

Disembodied words are also sinners and the occasions of sin. Who has not broken the Commandments in consequence of the provocation of some miserable little monosyllable eluding his grasp in the moment of his direct need, or of some impertinent interloper thrusting itself in, to the utter demoralization of his well-organized sentences? Who has not been covered with shame at tripping over the pronunciation of some perfectly simple word like "statistics," "inalienable," "inextricable," etc.?

Whose experience will not empower him to sympathize with that unfortunate invalid who, on being interrogated by a pious visitor in regard to her enjoyment of means of grace, informed the horror-stricken inquisitor, "I have not been to church for years, I have been such an *infidel*"; and then, moved by a dim impression of wrong somewhere, as well as by the evident shock inflicted upon her worthy visitor, but conscious of her own integrity, repeated still more emphatically: "No; I have been a confirmed infidel for years."

But a peremptory summons from an animated nursery forbids my lingering longer in this fruitful field. I can only add one instance of corroborating testimony from each member of the circle originating this essay.

The Dominie *loq.*—"Shan't have anything to do with it! It's a wicked thing! To be sure, I do remember, when I was a little boy, I used to throw stones at the chip-basket when

it upset the cargo I had just laded, and it was a great relief to my feelings, too. Besides, you've told stories about me which were anything but true. I don't remember anything about that sack."

Lady Visitor *loq.*—"The first time I was invited to Mr. ——'s (the Hon. ——'s, you know), I was somewhat anxious but went home flattering myself I had made a creditable impression. Imagine my consternation when I came to relieve the pocket of my gala gown, donned for the occasion, at discovering among its treasures a tea-napkin, marked gorgeously with the Hon. ——'s family crest, which had maliciously crept into its depths in order to bring me into disgrace! I have never been able to bring myself to the point of confession, in spite of my subsequent intimacy with the family. If it were not for Joseph's positive assertion to the contrary, I should be of the opinion that his cup of divination conjured itself deliberately and sinfully into innocent Benjamin's sack."

Student *loq.* (Testimony open to criticism).—"Met pretty girl on the street yesterday. Sure I had on my 'Armstrong' hat when I left home—sure as fate; but when I went to pull it off—by the crown, of course—to bow to pretty girl, I smashed in my beaver! How it got there, don't know. Knocked it off. Pretty girl picked it up and handed it to me. Confounded things, anyway!"

Total Depravity of Inanimate Things

Young Divine *loq.*—"While I was in the army, I was in Washington on 'leave' for two or three days. One night, at a party, I became utterly bewildered in an attempt to converse, after long desuetude, with a fascinating woman. I went stumbling on, amazing her more and more, until finally I covered myself with glory by the categorical statement that in my opinion General McClellan could 'never get across the Peninsula without a *fattle;* I beg pardon, Madam! what I meant to say is, without a *bight.*'"

Schoolgirl *loq.*—"When Uncle —— was President, I was at the White House at a state dinner one evening. Senator —— came rushing in frantically after we had been at table some time. No sooner was he seated than he turned to Aunt to apologize for his delay; and being very much heated, and very much embarrassed, he tugged away desperately at his pocket, and finally succeeded in extracting a huge blue stocking, evidently of home manufacture, with which he proceeded to wipe his forehead very energetically and very conspicuously. I suppose the truth was, that the poor man's handkerchiefs were 'on a strike,' and thrust forward this homespun stocking to bring him to terms."

Schoolgirl No. 2, *loq.*—"My last term at F. I was expecting a box of 'goodies' from home. So when the message came, 'An express package for you, Miss Fanny!' I invited all my specials to come and assist at the opening.

Instead of the expected box, there appeared a misshapen bundle, done up in yellow wrapping-paper. Four such dejected-looking damsels were never seen before as we, standing around the ugly old thing. Finally Alice suggested:

"'Open it!'

"'Oh, I know what it is,' I said; 'it is my old Tibet, that mother has had made over for me.'

"'Let's see,' persisted Alice.

"So I opened the package. The first thing I drew out was too much for me.

"'What a funny-looking basque!' exclaimed Alice. All the rest were struck dumb with disappointment.

"No! not a basque at all, but a man's black satin waistcoat! and next came objects about which there could be no doubt—a pair of dingy old trousers, and a swallow-tailed coat! Imagine the chorus of damsels!

"The secret was, that two packages lay in father's office—one for me, the other for those everlasting freedmen. John was to forward mine. He had taken up the box to write my address on it, when the yellow bundle tumbled off the desk at his feet and scared the wits out of his head. So I came in for father's second-hand clothes, and the Ethiopians had the 'goodies'!"

Repentant Dominie *loq.*—"I don't approve of it at all; but then, if you must write the wicked thing, I heard a good story for you to-day. Doctor —— found himself in the pulpit

of a Dutch Reformed Church the other Sunday. You know he is one who prides himself on his adaptation to places and times. Just at the close of the introductory service, a black gown lying over the arm of the sofa caught his eye. He was rising to deliver his sermon, when it forced itself on his attention again.

"'Sure enough,' thought he, 'Dutch Reformed clergymen do wear gowns. I might as well put it on.'

"So he solemnly thrust himself into the malicious (as you would say) garment, and went through the service as well as he could, considering that his audience seemed singularly agitated, and, indeed, on the point of bursting out into a general laugh, throughout the entire service. And no wonder! The good Doctor, in his zeal for conformity, had attired himself in the black cambric duster in which the pulpit was shrouded during week-days, and had been gesticulating his eloquent homily with his arms thrust through the holes left for the pulpit lamps."

General Porter tells a story of his farewell to Mark Twain once when Mark was going away. "I said, 'Good-bye, Mark—may God be with you always.' He drawlingly replied: 'I —hope—em —He—will—but—I—hope, too—that He may find some leisure —moments—to—take—care—of—you.'"

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

THE ELF-CHILD

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
An' wash the cups and saucers up, an' brush the crumbs away,
An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth an' sweep
An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board an' keep;
An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
A-listening to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
An' the Gobble-uns 'at gits you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

Onct they was a little boy who wouldn't say his prayers—
An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
His mammy heerd him holler an' his daddy heerd him bawl,

An' when they turn't the kivvers down he
wasn't there at all!
An' they seeked him in the rafter room an'
cubby-hole an' press,
An' seeked him up the chimney-flue, an' every-
wheres, I guess,
But all they ever found was thist his pants an'
round-about!—
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin.
An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood an' kin.
An' onct when they was "company," an' old
folks was there,
She mocked 'em, an' shocked 'em, an' said she
didn't care;
An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to
run an' hide,
They was two great big Black Things a-standin'
by her side,
An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'fore
she knowed what she's about!
An' the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze
is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes
woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is
gray,
An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched
away—
You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers
fond an' dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the
orphant's tear
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters
all about,
Er the Gobble-uns 'll git you
Ef you
Don't
Watch
Out!

At a recent dinner party the subject of eternal life and future punishment came up for a lengthy discussion, in which Mark Twain, who was present, took no part. A lady near him turned suddenly toward him and exclaimed:

"Why do you not say anything? I want your opinion."

Twain replied gravely: "Madam, you must excuse me; I am silent of necessity. I have friends in both places."

THE AHKOOND OF SWAT

'The Ahkoond of Swat is dead."
—London Papers of January 22, 1878

What, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead.
(Sorrow, Swats!)
Swats who hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be.
Sorrow, Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water.
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat,
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But laid 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthly walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed by the ground!)

And skeptics mock the lowly mound
And say, "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!
Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength;
Its son is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

GEORGE T. LANIGAN.

SAM WALTER FOSS

THE MEETING OF THE CLABBERHUSES

I

He was the Chairman of the Guild
Of Early Pleiocene Patriarchs;
He was chief Mentor of the Lodge
Of the Oracular Oligarchs;
He was the Lord High Autocrat
And Vizier of the Sons of Light,
And Sultan and Grand Mandarin
Of the Millennial Men of Might.

He was Grand Totem and High Priest
Of the Independent Potentates;
Grand Mogul of the Galaxy
Of the Illustrious Stay-out-lates;
The President of the Dandydudes,
The Treasurer of the Sons of Glee;
The Leader of the Clubtown Band
And Architects of Melody.

II

She was Grand Worthy Prophetess
Of the Illustrious Maids of Mark;
Of Vestals of the Third Degree
She was Most Potent Matriarch;
She was High Priestess of the Shrine
Of Clubtown's Culture Coterie,

And First Vice-President of the League
Of the Illustrious G. A. B.
She was the First Dame of the Club
For teaching Patagonians Greek;
She was Chief Clerk and Auditor
Of Clubtown's Anti-Bachelor Clique;
She was High Treasurer of the Fund
For Borrioboolaghalians,
And the Fund for Sending Browning's Poems
To Native-born Australians.

III

Once to a crowded social fête
Both these much-titled people came,
And each perceived, when introduced,
They had the selfsame name.
Their hostess said, when first they met:
"Permit me now to introduce
My good friend Mr. Clabberhuse
To Mrs. Clabberhuse."

"'Tis very strange," said she to him,
"Such an unusual name!—
A name so very seldom heard,
That we should bear the same."
"Indeed, 'tis wonderful," said he,
"And I'm surprised the more,
Because I never heard the name
Outside my home before.

"But now I come to look at you,"
Said he, "upon my life,

The Meeting of the Clabberhuses

If I am not indeed deceived,
  You are—you are—my wife."
She gazed into his searching face
  And seemed to look him through;
"Indeed," said she, "it seems to me
  You are my husband, too.

"I 've been so busy with my clubs
  And in my various spheres
I have not seen you now," she said,
  "For over fourteen years."
"That's just the way it's been with me,
  These clubs demand a sight"—
And then they both politely bowed,
  And sweetly said, "Good-night."

Mr. Joseph Willard, for a long time clerk of the Superior Court of Massachusetts, in Boston, relates in his "Half a Century with Judges and Lawyers" many good anecdotes.

Colonel Edward G. Parker, who was rather pedantic, wrote a life of Mr. Choate. He was relating an incident which happened in the third century before Christ, about the time of the death of Ptolemy III., and he appealed to John S. Holmes, who stood by.

"Didn't he die about that time, John?"

"Who's that that's dead?" asked Holmes.

"Ptolemy III.," said Parker.

"What! What!" said Holmes, stretching out his hands. "You don't say he's dead!"

J. M. BAILEY

(*Danbury News*)

AFTER THE FUNERAL

It was just after the funeral. The bereaved and subdued widow, enveloped in millinery gloom, was seated in the sitting-room with a few sympathizing friends. There was that constrained look so peculiar to the occasion observable on every countenance. The widow sighed.

"How do you feel, my dear?" said her sister.

"Oh! I don't know," said the poor woman, with difficulty restraining her tears. "But I hope everything passed off well."

"Indeed it did," said all the ladies.

"It was as large and respectable a funeral as I have seen this winter," said the sister, looking around upon the others.

"Yes, it was," said the lady from next door. "I was saying to Mrs. Slocum, only ten minutes ago, that the attendance couldn't have been better — the bad going considered."

"Did you see the Taylors?" asked the widow faintly, looking at her sister. "They go so rarely to funerals that I was surprised to see them here."

"Oh, yes! the Taylors were all here," said the sympathizing sister. "As you say, they go but a little: they are *so* exclusive!"

"I thought I saw the Curtises also," suggested the bereaved woman droopingly.

"Oh, yes!" chimed in several. "They came in their own carriage, too," said the sister, animatedly. "And then there were the Randalls and the Van Rensselaers. Mrs. Van Rensselaer had her cousin from the city with her; and Mrs. Randall wore a very heavy black silk, which I am sure was quite new. Did you see Colonel Haywood and his daughters, love?"

"I thought I saw them: but I wasn't sure. They were here, then, were they?"

"Yes, indeed!" said they all again; and the lady who lived across the way observed:

"The Colonel was very sociable, and inquired most kindly about you, and the sickness of your husband."

The widow smiled faintly. She was gratified by the interest shown by the Colonel.

The friends now rose to go, each bidding her good-bye, and expressing the hope that she would be calm. Her sister bowed them out. When she returned, she said:

"You can see, my love, what the neighbors think of it. I wouldn't have had anything unfortunate to happen for a good deal. But nothing did. The arrangements couldn't have been better."

"I think some of the people in the neighborhood must have been surprised to see so many of the uptown people here," suggested the afflicted woman, trying to look hopeful.

"You may be quite sure of that," asserted the sister. "I could see that plain enough by their looks."

"Well, I am glad there is no occasion for talk," said the widow, smoothing the skirt of her dress.

And after that the boys took the chairs home, and the house was put in order.

THE UNATTAINABLE

Tom's album was filled with the pictures of belles
Who had captured his manly heart,
From the fairy who danced for the front-row swells
To the maiden who tooled her cart;
But one face as fair as a cloudless dawn
Caught my eye, and I said, "Who's this?"
"Oh, that," he replied, with a skilful yawn,
"Is the girl I couldn't kiss."

Her face was the best in the book, no doubt,
But I hastily turned the leaf,
For my friend had let his cigar go out,
And I knew I had bared his grief:
For caresses we win and smiles we gain
Yield only a transient bliss,
And we're all of us prone to sigh in vain
For "the girl we couldn't kiss."

HARRY ROMAINE.

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GEORGE T. LANIGAN

THE OSTRICH AND THE HEN

An Ostrich and a Hen chanced to occupy adjacent apartments, and the former complained loudly that her rest was disturbed by the cackling of her humble neighbor. "Why is it," she finally asked the Hen, "that you make such an intolerable noise?" The Hen replied, "Because I have laid an egg." "Oh, no," said the Ostrich, with a superior smile, "it is because you are a Hen and don't know any better."

Moral.—The moral of the foregoing is not very clear, but it contains some reference to the Agitation for Female Suffrage.

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE ANT

A frivolous Grasshopper, having spent the summer in Mirth and Revelry, went on the Approach of the inclement winter to the Ant and implored it of its charity to stake him. "You had better go to your Uncle," replied the prudent Ant; "had you imitated my Forethought and deposited your Funds in a Savings Bank, you would not now be compelled to regard your Duster in the light of an Ulster."

Thus saying, the virtuous Ant retired, and read in the Papers next morning that the Savings Bank where he had deposited his Funds had suspended.

Moral.—Dum vivimus, vivamus.

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE SIMPLETON

A Simpleton, having had Occasion to seat himself, sat down on a Pin; whereon he made an Outcry unto Jupiter. A Philosopher, who happened to be holding up a Hitching-Post in the Vicinity, rebuked him, saying: "I can tell you how to avoid hurting yourself by sitting down on Pins, and will, if you will set them up." The Simpleton eagerly accepting the Offer, the Philosopher swallowed four fingers of the Rum which perisheth, and replied, "Never sit down." He subsequently acquired a vast Fortune by advertising for Agents, to whom he guaranteed $77 a Week for light and easy Employment at their Homes.

Moral.—The Wise Man said: "There is a Nigger in the Fence," but the Fool Sendeth on 50 cents for Sample and is Taken in.

THE SHARK AND THE PATRIARCH

During the Deluge, as a Shark was conducting a Thanksgiving service for an abundant Harvest, a prudent Patriarch looked out and addressed him thus: "My Friend, I am much

struck with your open Countenance; pray come into the Ark and make one of us. The Probabilities are a falling Barometer and Heavy Rains throughout the Region of the Lower Universe during the next Forty Days." "That is just the sort of Hairpin I am," replied the Shark, who had cut several rows of Wisdom Teeth; "fetch on your Deluges." About six Weeks subsequently the Patriarch encountered him on the summit of Mount Ararat, in very straitened Circumstances.

Moral.—You Can't pretty much most Always Tell how Things are going to Turn Out Sometimes.—*Fables, by G. Washington Æsop.*

At the Thousand Islands, at dinner one day, Daniel W. Powers and his friends were discussing the merits of different species of game. One preferred canvas-back ducks, another woodcock and still another thought a quail the most delicious article of food. The discussion and the dinner ended at about the same time.

"Well, Frank," said Dan, turning to the waiter at his elbow, who was as good a listener as he was a waiter, "what kind of game do you like best?"

"Well, Massa Powers, to tell you the trufe, almost any kind of game'll suit me, but what I likes best is an American Eagle served on a silver dollar."

A LIZ-TOWN HUMORIST

Settin' round the stove, last night,
Down at Wess's store, was me
And Mart Strimples, Tunk, and White,
And Doc Bills, and two er three
Fellers of the Mudsock tribe
No use tryin' to describe!
And says Doc, he says, says he—
"Talkin' 'bout good things to eat,
Ripe mushmillon's hard to beat!"

I chawed on. And Mart he 'lowed
Wortermillon beat the mush—
"Red," he says, "and juicy—Hush!—
I 'll jes' leave it to the crowd!"
Then a Mudsock chap, says he—
"Punkin's good enough fer me—
Punkin pies, I mean," he says—
"Them beats millons! What say, Wess!

I chawed on. And Wess says—"Well
You jes' fetch that wife of mine
All yer wortermillon-*rine*,
And she'll bile it down a spell—
In with sorgum, I suppose,
And what else, Lord only knows!—
But I 'm here to tell all hands,
Them p'serves meets my demands!"

I chawed on. And White he says—
"Well, I'll jes' stand in with Wess—
I'm no hog!" And Tunk says—"I
Guess I'll pastur' out on pie
With the Mudsock boys!" says he;
"Now what's yourn?" he says to me:
I chawed on—fer quite a spell—
Then I speaks up, slow and dry—
"Jes' tobacker!" I-says-I.—
And you'd orto' heered 'em yell!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Doctor Burton and Doctor Gage were ministers of two Congregational churches in Hartford, and excellent friends. Like many other clergymen, they loved a joke, especially at each other's expense. Doctor Gage had traveled abroad, and since his return had been delivering a course of lectures upon Old World subjects. One of the lectures—on Palestine—had been thought not so interesting as the others, and on its second delivery many of the auditors withdrew before it was finished. Not long afterward Doctor Gage's house was entered by a burglar. Doctor Gage was giving Doctor Burton an account of the affair. "Why, Doctor, I had him down flat on his back; I held him there; he couldn't move an inch."

"Good!" said Doctor Burton. "But what a splendid opportunity that was to have delivered to him your lecture on Palestine!"

CHARLES B. LEWIS ("M. Quad")

TWO CASES OF GRIP

"WHAT's this! What's this!" exclaimed Mr. Bowser, as he came home the other evening and found Mrs. Bowser lying on the sofa and looking very much distressed.

"The doctor says it's the grip—a second attack," she explained. "I was taken with a chill and headache about noon and——"

"Grip? Second attack? That's all nonsense, Mrs. Bowser! Nobody can have the grip a second time."

"But the doctor says so."

"Then the doctor is an idiot, and I'll tell him so to his face. I know what's the matter with you. You've been walking around the back yard barefoot or doing some other foolish thing. I expected it, however. No woman is happy unless she's flat down about half the time. How on earth any of your sex manage to live to be twenty years old is a mystery to me. The average woman has no more sense than a rag baby."

"I haven't been careless," she replied.

"I know better! Of course you have! If you hadn't been you wouldn't be where you are. Grip be hanged! Well, it's only right that you

should suffer for it. Call it what you wish, but don't expect any sympathy from me. While I use every precaution to preserve my health, you go sloshing around in your bare feet, or sit on a cake of ice to read a dime novel, or do some other tomfool thing to flatten you out. I refuse to sympathize with you, Mrs. Bowser—absolutely and teetotally refuse to utter one word of pity."

Mrs. Bowser had nothing to say in reply. Mr. Bowser ate his dinner alone, took advantage of the occasion to drive a few nails and make a great noise, and by and by went off to his club and was gone until midnight. Next morning Mrs. Bowser felt a bit better and made an heroic attempt to be about until he started for the office.

The only reference he made to her illness was to say:

"If you live to be three hundred years old, you may possibly learn something about the laws of health and be able to keep out of bed three days in a week."

Mrs. Bowser was all right at the end of three or four days, and nothing more was said. Then one afternoon at three o'clock a carriage drove up and a stranger assisted Mr. Bowser into the house. He was looking pale and ghastly, and his chin quivered, and his knees wobbled.

"What is it, Mr. Bowser?" she exclaimed, as she met him at the door.

"Bed—doctor—death!" he gasped in reply.

Mrs. Bowser got him to bed and examined him for bullet holes or knife wounds. There were none. He had no broken limbs. He hadn't fallen off a horse or been half drowned. When she had satisfied herself on these points, she asked:

"How were you taken?"

"W-with a c-chill!" he gasped—"with a c-chill and a b-backache!"

"I thought so. Mr. Bowser, you have the grip—a second attack As I have some medicine left, there's no need to send for the doctor. I'll have you all right in a day or two.'

"Get the doctor at once," wailed Mr. Bowser, "or I'm a dead man! Such a backache! So cold! Mrs. Bowser, if I should d-die, I hope——"

Emotion overcame Mr. Bowser, and he could say no more. The doctor came and pronounced it a second attack of grip, but a very mild one. When he had departed, Mrs. Bowser didn't accuse Mr. Bowser with putting on his summer flannels a month too soon; with forgetting his umbrella and getting soaked through; with leaving his rubbers at home and having damp feet all day. She didn't express her wonder that he hadn't died years ago nor predict that when he reached the age of Methuselah he would know better than to roll in snowbanks or stand around in mud puddles. She didn't kick over chairs or slam doors or leave him

alone. When Mr. Bowser shed tears, she wiped them away. When he moaned, she held his hand. When he said he felt that the grim specter was near and wanted to kiss the baby good-by, she cheered him with the prediction that he would be a great deal better next day.

Mr. Bowser didn't get up next day, though the doctor said he could. He lay in bed and sighed and uttered sorrowful moans and groans. He wanted toast and preserves; he had to have help to turn over; he worried about a relapse; he had to have a damp cloth on his forehead; he wanted to have a council of doctors, and he read the copy of his last will and testament over three times.

Mr. Bowser was all right next morning, however. When Mrs. Bowser asked him how he felt he replied:

"How do I feel? Why, as right as a trivet, of course. When a man takes the care of himself that I do—when he has the nerve and will power I have—he can throw off 'most anything. You would have died, Mrs. Bowser; but I was scarcely affected. It was just a play spell. I'd like to be real sick once just to see how it would seem. Cholera, I suppose it was; but outside of feeling a little tired, I wasn't at all affected."

And the dutiful Mrs. Bowser looked at him and swallowed it all and never said a word to hurt his feelings.—*Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.*

WILLIAM RUSSELL ROSE

THE CONSCIENTIOUS CURATE AND THE BEAUTEOUS BALLET GIRL

Young William was a curate good,
Who to himself did say:
"I cawn't denounce the stage as vile
Until I've seen a play."

He was so con-sci-en-ti-ous
That, when the play he sought,
To grasp its entire wickedness
A front row seat he bought.

'Twas in the burlesque, you know, the burlesque of "Prince Prettypate, or the Fairy Muffin Ring," and when the ballet came on, that good young curate met his fate. She, too, was in the front row, and——

She danced like this, she danced like that
Her feet seemed everywhere;
They scarcely touched the floor at all
But twinkled in the air.

Her *entrechat*, her fairy *pas*,
Filled William with delight·

She whirled around, his heart did bound—
'Twas true love at first sight.

He sought her out and married her;
Of course she left the stage,
And in his daily parish work
With William did engage.

She helped him in his parish school
Where ragged urchins go,
And all the places on the map
She'd point out with her toe.

And when William gently remonstrated with her, she only said: "William, when I married you I gave you my hand—my feet are still my own."

She'd point like this, she'd point like that
The scholars she'd entrance—
"This, children, is America;
And this, you see, is France.

"A highland here, an island there,
'Round which the waters roll;
And this is Pa-ta-go-ni-ah,
And this the frozen Pole."

Young William's bishop called one day
But found the curate out,
And so he told the curate's wife
What he had come about.

"Your merit William oft to me
Most highly doth extol;
I trust, my dear, you always try
To elevate the soul."

Then William's wife made the bishop a neat little curtsey, and gently said, "Oh, yes, your Grace, I always do—in my own peculiar way."

She danced like this, she danced like that,
The bishop looked aghast;
He could not see her mazy skirts
They switched around so fast.

She tripped it here, she skipped it there
The bishop's eyes did roll—
"God bless me! 'tis a pleasant way
To elevate the sole!"

From *Life*.

When General George Sheridan was camping on the Lower Mississippi, his Negro boy, Harry, was one day asked by a friend whether the General was not terribly annoyed by the mosquitoes. "No, sah!" said Harry; "in the evenin' Mars' George is so 'toxicated he don't mind the skeeters, and in the mornin' the skeeters is so 'toxicated they don't mind Mars' George."

JAMES L. FORD

THE SOCIETY REPORTER'S CHRISTMAS

EARLY morn in the little parlor of a humble white cottage, where Susan Swallowtail sat waiting for her husband to return from the ball. It lacked but a few days of Christmas, and she had arisen with her little ones at five o'clock in order that William, her husband, might have a warm breakfast and a loving greeting on his return after his long night's work.

Seated before the fire, with her sewing on her lap, Susan Swallowtail's thoughts went back to the days when William, then on the threshold of his career as a society reporter, had first won her young heart by his description of her costume at the ball of the "Ladies' Daughters' Association of the Ninth Ward." She remembered how gallantly and tenderly he had wooed her through the columns of the four weekly and Sunday papers in which he conducted the "Fashion Chit-chat" columns, and then the tears filled her eyes as memory brought once more before her the terrible night when William came to the house and asked her father, the stern old house and sign painter, for his daughter's hand.

"And yet," said Susan to herself, "my life

has not been altogether an unhappy one, in spite of our poverty. William has a kind heart, and I am sure that if he had anything to wear besides his dress-suit and flannel dressing-gown he would often brighten my lot by taking me out somewhere in the daytime. Ah, if papa would only relent! But I fear he will never forgive me for my marriage."

Her thoughts were interrupted by the sound of familiar footsteps in the hall, and the next moment her husband had clasped her in his arms, while the children clung to his ulster and clamored for their early morning kiss.

But there was a cloud on the young husband's brow and a tremor on his lips as he said, "Run away now, little ones; papa and mamma have something to say to each other that little ears must not hear.

"My darling," he said, as soon as they were alone, "I fear that our Christmas will not be a very merry one. You know how we always depend on the ball of the Gilt-edged Coterie for our Christmas dinner?"

"Indeed I do," replied the young wife, with a bright smile. "What beautiful slices of roast beef and magnificent mince pies you always bring home from that ball! Surely they will give their entertainment on Christmas Eve this year as they always have?"

"Yes, but—can you bear to hear it, love?"

"Let me know the worst," said the young wife bravely.

"Then," said William hoarsely, "I will tell you. I am not going to that ball. The city editor is going to take the assignment himself, and I must go to a literary and artistic gathering where there will be nothing but tea and recitations."

"Yes," said Susan bitterly, "and sandwiches so thin that they can be used to watch the eclipse of the sun. But what have you brought back with you now? I hope it is something nourishing."

"My darling," replied William Swallowtail, in faltering tones, "I fear you are doomed to another disappointment. I have done my best to-night, but this is all I could get my hands on," and with these words he drew from the pockets of his heavy woolen ulster a paper bag filled with wine jelly, a box of *marrons glaces*, and two pint bottles of champagne.

"Is that all?" said Susan reproachfully. "The children have had nothing to eat since yesterday morning except *pates de foie gras*, macaroons, and hothouse grapes. All day long they have been crying for corned beef sandwiches, and I have had none to give them. You told me, William, when we parted in the early evening, that you were going to a house where there would be at least ham, and perhaps bottled beer, and now you return to me with this paltry package of jelly and that very sweet wine. I hope, William"—and a cold, hard look of suspicion crept into her face—"that you

have not forgotten your vows and given to another——"

"Susan!" cried William Swallowtail, "how can you speak or even think of such a thing, when you know full well that——"

But Susan withdrew from his embrace, and asked in bitter, cold accents, "Was there ham at that reception, or was there not?"

"There was ham, and corned beef, too. I will not deny it; but——"

"Then, William, with what woman have you shared it?" demanded the young wife, drawing herself up to her full height and fixing her dark, flashing eyes full upon him.

"Susan, I implore you, listen to me, and do not judge me too harshly. There *was* ham, but there were several German noblemen there, too—Baron Sneeze of the Austrian legation, Count Pretzel, and a dozen more. The smell of meat inflamed them, and I fought my way through them in time to save only this from the wreck."

He drew from his ulster pocket something done up in a piece of paper, and handed it to his wife. She opened the package and saw that it contained what looked like a long piece of very highly polished ivory. Then her face softened, her lips trembled, and her eyes brimmed over with tears.

"Forgive me, William, for my unjust suspicions," she exclaimed, as she threw herself once more into his arms. "This mute ham-

bone tells me far more stongly than any words of yours could the story of the society reporter's awful struggle for life."

William kissed his young wife affectionately and then sat down to the breakfast which she had prepared for him.

"I hope," she said cheerfully, as she took a dish of lobster salad from the oven, where it had been warmed over, "that you will keep a sharp lookout for quail this week. It would be nice to have one or two for our Christmas dinner. Of course we cannot afford corned beef and cabbage like those rich people whom you call by their first names when you write about them in the Sunday papers; but I do hope we will not be obliged to put up with cakes and pastry and such wretched stuff."

"Quail!" exclaimed her husband; "they are so scarce and shy this winter that we are obliged to take setter dogs with us to the entertainments at which they are served. But I will do my best, darling."

As soon as William had gone to bed Susan took from its hiding-place the present which she had prepared for her husband and proceeded to sew it to the inside of his ulster as a Christmas surprise for him. She sighed to think that it was the best she could afford this year. It was a useful rather than an ornamental gift—a simple rubber pocket, made from a piece of an old mackintosh, and intended for William to carry soup in.

But Susan had a bright, hopeful spirit, and a smile soon smoothed the furrows from her face as she murmured, "How nice it will be when William comes home with his new pocket filled with nice, warm, nourishing bouillon!" and then she glanced up from her work and saw that her daughter, little golden-haired Eva, had entered the room and was looking at her out of her great, truthful, deep-blue eyes.

. . . . .

It was Christmas Eve, and as Jacob Scaffold trudged through the frosty streets the keen air brought a ruddy glow to his cheeks and tipped his nose with a brighter carmine than any that he used in the practice of his art. Entering the hall in which the ball of the Gilt-edged Coterie was taking place, the proud old house- and sign-painter quickly divested himself of his outer wraps and made his way to the committee room.

Then, adorned with a huge badge and streamer, he strolled out to greet his friends who were making merry on the polished floor of the ballroom. But, although the band played its most stirring measures and the lights gleamed on arms and necks of dazzling whiteness, old Jacob Scaffold sighed deeply as he seated himself in a rather obscure corner and allowed his eyes to roam about the room as if in search of some familiar face.

The fact was that the haughty, purse-proud old man was thinking of another Christmas Eve

ten years before, when his daughter Susan had danced at this same ball, the brightest, the prettiest, and the most sought-after girl on the floor.

"And to think," said the old man to himself, "that, with all the opportunities she had to make a good match, she should have taken up with that reporter in the shiny dress-suit! It's five years since I've heard anything of her, but of late I've been thinking that maybe I was too harsh with her, and perhaps——"

His thoughts were interrupted by the arrival of a servant, who told him that some one desired to see him in the committee room. On reaching that apartment, he found a little girl of perhaps eight years of age, plainly clad, and carrying a basket in her hand. Fixing her eyes on Jacob Scaffold, she said:

"Please, sir, are you the chairman of the press committee?"

"I am," replied the puzzled artist; "but who are you?"

"I am the reporter of the *Sunday Guff*. My papa has charge of the 'What the Four Hundred Are Doing' column, but to-night he is obliged to attend a chromo-literary reception, where there will be nothing to eat but tea and cake. Papa has reported your balls and chowder excursions for the past five years, and we have always had ham for dessert for a week afterward. We had all been looking forward to your Christmas Eve ball, and when papa told us that he would have

to go to the tea-and-cake place to-night mamma felt so badly that I took papa's ticket out of his pocket when he was asleep and came here myself. Papa has a thick ulster, full of nice big pockets, that he puts on when he goes out to report, but I have brought a basket."

The child finished her simple and affecting narrative and the members of the press committee looked at one another dumfounded. Jacob Scaffold was the first to break the silence.

"And what is your name, little child?" he inquired.

"Eva Swallowtail," she answered, as she turned a pair of trusting, innocent blue eyes full upon him.

The old man grew pale and his lips trembled as he gathered his grandchild in his arms. The other members of the committee softly left the room, for they all knew the story of Susan Scaffold's *mesalliance* and her father's bitter feelings toward her and her husband.

"What!" cried Jacob Scaffold, "my grandchild wanting bread? Come to me, little one, and we'll see what can be done for you."

And putting on his heavy ulster, he took little Eva by the hand and led the way to the great thoroughfare, on which the stores were still open.

. . . . . .

It was a happy family party that sat down to dinner in William Swallowtail's humble

home that bright Christmas Day, and well did the little ones enjoy the treat which their generous new-found grandparent provided for them. They began with a soup made of wine jelly, and ended with a delicious dessert of corned beef sandwiches and large German pickles; and then, when they could eat no more, and not even a pork pie could tempt their appetites, Grandpa Scaffold told his daughter that he was willing to lift his son-in-law from the hard and ill-paid labor of writing society chronicles and give him a chance to better himself with a whitewash brush. "And," continued the old man, "if I see that he possesses true artistic talent, I will some day give him a chance at the side of a house."

Charles H. Hoyt once journeyed to San Francisco with one of his own companies. Most of his companions got out very early one morning to have a look at the Rocky Mountain scenery. Hoyt remained in his stateroom. One of the young women, in her enthusiasm over the prospect, ran excitedly to his door and thumped on it with vigor.

"What's the row?" came from within.

"Come out, Mr. Hoyt; come out and see the perfectly lovely scenery."

"I don't want to see it," replied Hoyt. "I'm paying excess baggage now on a good deal of it. That's enough for me."

A SLAVE TO DUTY

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON recently told a gathering of Negroes that one of the great faults of his race was a disposition to exhibit knowledge under any and all circumstances, and asserted that, until the Negro learned not to display his vanity, he was useless in any confidential capacity. By way of illustration he told a story, which, he said, might be or might not he apocryphal, but which was good enough to be true. General Sherman had been told that the soldiers of a Negro regiment in his command were very lax when on sentry duty, and showed a fondness for passing doubtful persons through the lines just to indulge their power to do so. To ascertain if this were so, he muffled himself one night in a cloak and tried to get past a black sentry. After the "Who goes there?" the "A friend," and the "Advance, friend, and give the countersign," had been exchanged, Sherman replied:

"Roxbury!"

"No, sah!" was the polite but firm response.

"Medford!"

"No, sah!"

"Charleston!" Sherman next tried.

"No, sah! No, sah!" said the Negro determinedly. Then he added: "Now, seea heah—yo' can go fru th' whole blamed joggrafy.

but Massa Sherman he done say that nobody can get pas' me wifout sayin' 'Cambridge'!"

It was a Tennessee Methodist class-leader who had before him a six-months' probationer whom he was questioning for admission to all the privileges of the church.

"Well, Sambo," said the class-leader, "I hope you are prepared to live a Christian life in accordance with your profession. Have you stolen any chickens during the last six months?"

"No, sah! I done stole *no* chickens."

"Have you stolen any turkeys or pigs?"

Sambo looked grieved. "No, sah!"

"I am very glad to hear this good report," continued the class-leader, "and I trust you will continue to live an honest, Christian life."

After church Sambo hurried home with his wife, who had overheard the catechizing. When they were fairly out of everybody's hearing he drew a long breath of relief and turned a self-approving glance to his better half. "Golly," he said, in a half-cautious whisper, "ef he'd er said ducks I'd be'n a lost niggah, suah."

THE HEIRESS

She cannot talk, she cannot sing,
  She looks a fright; but folks aver
Ten millions have been set apart
  To talk and sing and look for her.

THE LEGEND OF MIMIR

It is a beautiful legend of the Norseland. Amilias was the village blacksmith, and under the spreading chestnut treekjn his village smithophjken stood. He the hot iron gehammered and sjhod horses for fifty cents all round, please. He made tin hjelmets for the gjodds, and stovepipe trousers for the hjeroes.

Mimir was a rival blacksmith. He didn't go in very much for defensive armor, but he was lightning on two-edged Bjswords and cut-and-slash svjcutlasssses. He made chyjeese-knives for the gjodds, and he made the great Bjsvsstnsen an Arkansaw toothpick that would make a free incision clear into the transverse semicolon of a cast-iron Ichthyosaurus and never turn its edge. That was the kind of a Bhjairpin Mimir said he was.

One day Amilias made an impenetrable suit of armor for a second-class gjodd, and put it on himself to test it, and boastfully inserted a card in the *Svensska Norderbjravisk jkanaheldesplvtdenskgorodovusaken*, saying that he was wearing a suit of home-made, best chilled Norway merino underwear that would nick the unnumbered saw-teeth in the pot-metal cutlery of the ironmongery over the way. That, Amilias remarked to Bjohnn Bjrobinssson, was the kind of a Bdjucckk he was.

When Mimir spelled out the card next morning, he said, "Bjjj!" and went to work with a charcoal furnace, a cold anvil, and the new isomorphic process, and in a little while he came down street with a sjword, that glittered like a dollar-store diamond, and met Amilias down by the new opera house. Amilias buttoned on his new Bjarmor and said,

"If you have no hereafter use for your chyjeese-kjnife, strike."

Mimir spat on his hands, whirled his skjword above his head, and fetched Amilias a swipe that seemed to miss everything except the empty air, through which it softly whistled. Amilias smiled, and said "Go on," adding that it "seemed to him he felt a general sense of cold iron somewhere in the neighborhood, but he hadn't been hit."

"Shake yourself," said Mimir.

Amilias shook himself, and immediately fell into halves, the most neatly divided man that ever went beside himself.

"That's where the boiler-maker was away off in his diagnosis," said Mimir, as he went back to his shop to put up the price of cutlery sixty-five per cent, in all lines, with an unlimited advance on special orders.

Thus do we learn that a good action is never thrown away, and that kind words and patient love will overcome the harshest natures.

ROBERT JONES BURDETTE.

THE BEST-LAID PLANS

The popular citizen had made arrangements to go into business in another town. He had sold his property, packed his household goods and everything was in readiness for his removal.

His friends got up a farewell dinner for him. The tables groaned, etc. The viands were sumptuous. The champagne was abundant, and after it began to circulate there was a flood of oratory. The speeches were all to the effect that the loss the community was about to sustain was irreparable. The speakers dwelt upon the good qualities of their friend, his many excellent traits of character, his genial, companionable ways, and all took occasion to express their deep sense of personal bereavement on account of his contemplated removal. Then they sang:

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody can deny."

Brimful of emotion, the recipient of all this rose to reply:

"Boys," he said unsteadily, "I didn't know what I was doing when I went into any scheme to leave this town. I didn't know how sorry my friends would be to see me go. The—the friendship of my friends is worth more to me than a few hun'r'd doll'rs I might make by movin' 'way from here, and I'll be—be ev'rlastingly dadswangled 'f I'm goin' to move. I'm

goin' to stay ri' here in this town, fellers, an' don't you forget it! Whoop!"

An hour later a dejected company of men assisted a helpless comrade up a back stairway and dispersed without saying a word.

HAPPINESS—A RECIPE

To make it: Take a hall, dim lit;
A pair of stairs where two may sit;
Of music soft, a bar or so;
Two spoons of—just two spoons, you know;
Of little love pats, one or two,
Or one squeezed hand instead will do;
A waist—the size to be embraced;
And two ripe lips, rose-red—to taste;
And if the lips are soft and sweet,
You'll find your happiness complete.

Bert Harte was so frequently complimented as the author of "Little Breeches," that he was almost as sorry it was ever written as was Colonel John Hay, who would have preferred his fame to rest on more ambitious work. A gushing lady who prided herself upon her literary tastes said to him once: "My dear Mr. Harte, I am so delighted to meet you. I have read everything you ever wrote, but of all your dialect verse there is none that compares to your 'Little Breeches.' "

"I quite agree with you, madam," said Mr. Harte, "but you have put the little breeches on the wrong man."

BILL NYE

HOW TO HUNT THE FOX

THE joyous season for hunting is again upon us, and with the gentle fall of the autumn leaf and the sough of the scented breezes about the gnarled and naked limbs of the wailing trees—the huntsman comes with his hark and his halloo and hurrah, boys, the swift rush of the chase, the thrilling scamper 'cross country, the mad dash through the Long Islander's pumpkin patch—also the mad dash, dash, dash of the farmer, the low moan of the disabled and frozen-toed hen as the whooping horsemen run her down; the wild shriek of the children, the low, melancholy wail of the frightened shoat as he flees away to the straw pile, the quick yet muffled plunk of the frozen tomato, and the dull scrunch of the seed cucumber.

The huntsman now takes the flannels off his fox, rubs his stiffened limbs with gargling oil, ties a bunch of firecrackers to his tail, and runs him around the barn a few times to see if he is in good order.

The foxhound is a cross of the bloodhound, the greyhound, the bulldog, and the chump. When you step on his tail he is said to be in full cry. The foxhound obtains from his

ancestors on the bloodhound side of the house his keen scent, which enables him while in full cry 'cross country to pause and hunt for chipmunks. He also obtains from the bloodhound branch of his family a wild yearning to star in an "Uncle Tom" company, and watch little Eva meander up the flume at two dollars per week. From the greyhound he gets his most miraculous speed, which enables him to attain a rate of velocity so great that he is unable to halt during the excitement of the chase, frequently running so far during the day that it takes him a week to get back, when, of course, all interest has died out. From the bulldog the foxhound obtains his great tenacity of purpose, his deep-seated convictions, his quick perceptions, his love of home, and his clinging nature. From the chump the foxhound gets his high intellectuality and that mental power which enables him to distinguish almost at a glance the salient points of difference between a two-year-old steer and a two-dollar bill.

The foxhound is about two feet in height, and 120 of them would be considered an ample number for a quiet little fox-hunt. Some hunters think this number inadequate, but unless the fox be unusually skittish and crawl under the barn, 120 foxhounds ought to be enough. The trouble generally is that hunters make too much noise, thus scaring the fox so that he tries to get away from them. This necessitates hard riding and great activity on the part of the whippers-in. Frightening a

fox almost always results in sending him out of the road, and compelling horsemen to stop in order to take down a panel of fence every little while that they may follow the animal, and before you can get the fence put up again the owner is on the ground, and after you have made change with him and mounted again the fox may be nine miles away. Try by all means to keep your fox in the road!

It makes a great difference what kind of fox you use, however. I once had a fox on my Pumpkin Butte estates that lasted me three years, and I never knew him to shy or turn out of the road for anything but a loaded team. He was the best fox for hunting purposes that I ever had. Every spring I would sprinkle him with Scotch snuff and put him away in the bureau till fall. He would then come out bright and chipper. He was always ready to enter into the chase with all the *chic* and *embonpoint* of a regular Kenosha; and nothing pleased him better than to be about eight miles in advance of my thoroughbred pack in full cry, scampering 'cross country, while, stretching back a few miles behind the dogs, followed a pale young man and his financier, each riding a horse that had sat down too hard on its tail some time and driven it into its system about six joints,

Some hunters who are madly and passionately devoted to the sport leap their horses over fences, moats, *donjon* keeps, hedges and currant bushes with utter *sang-froid* and the wild,

unfettered *toot ongsomble* of a brass band. It is one of the most spirited and touchful of sights to see a young fox-hunter going home through the gloaming with a full cry in one hand and his pancreas in the other.

Some like to be in at the death, as it is called, and it is certainly a laudable ambition. To see 120 dogs hold out against a ferocious fox weighing nine pounds; to watch the brave little band of dogs and whippers-in and horses with sawed-off tails, making up in heroism what they lack in numbers, succeeding at last in ridding the country of the ferocious brute which has long been the acknowledged foe of the human race, is indeed a fine sight.

We are too apt to regard fox-hunting merely as a relaxation, a source of pleasure, and the result of a desire to do the way people do in the novels which we steal from English authors; but this is not all. To successfully hunt a fox, to jump fences 'cross country like an unruly steer, is no child's play. To ride all day on a very hot and restless saddle, trying to lope while your horse is trotting, giving your friends a good view of the country between yourself and your horse, then leaping stone walls, breaking your collar-bone in four places, pulling out one eye and leaving it hanging on a plum tree, or going home at night with your transverse colon wrapped around the pommel of your saddle and your liver in an old newspaper, requires the greatest courage.

Too much stress cannot be placed upon the costume worn while fox-hunting, and in fact, that is, after all, the life and soul of the chase. For ladies, nothing looks better than a close-fitting jacket, sewed together with thread of the same shade, and a skirt. Neat-fitting cavalry boots and a plug hat complete the costume. Then, with a hue in one hand and a cry in the other, she is prepared to mount. Lead the horse up to a stone wall or a freight car and spring lightly into the saddle with a glad cry. A freight car is the best thing from which to mount a horse, but it is too unwieldy, and frequently delays the chase. For this reason, too much luggage should not be carried on a fox-hunt. Some gentlemen carry a change of canes, neatly concealed in a shawl-strap, but even this may be dispensed with.

For gentlemen, a dark four-button cutaway coat, with neat, loose-fitting, white panties, will generally scare a fox into convulsions, so that he may be easily killed with a club. A short-waisted plug hat may be worn also, in order to distinguish the hunter from the whipper-in, who wears a baseball cap. The only fox-hunting I have over done was on board an impetuous, tough-bitted, fore-and-aft horse that had emotional insanity. I was dressed in a swallow-tail coat, waistcoat of Scotch plaid Turkish toweling, and a pair of close-fitting breeches of etiquette tucked into my boot-tops. As I was away from home at the time and could

not reach my own steed, I was obliged to mount a spirited steed with high, intellectual hips, one white eye, and a big red nostril that you could set a Shanghai hen in. This horse, as soon as the pack broke into full cry, climbed over a fence that had wrought-iron briers on it, lit in a cornfield, stabbed his hind leg through a sere and yellow pumpkin, which he wore the rest of the day, with seven yards of pumpkin vine streaming out behind, and away we dashed 'cross country.

I remained mounted not because I enjoyed it, for I did not, but because I dreaded to dismount. I hated to get off in pieces. If I can't get off a horse's back as a whole, I would rather adhere to the horse. I will adhere that I did so.

We did not see the fox, but we saw almost everything else. I remember, among other things, of riding through a hothouse, and how I enjoyed it. A morning scamper through a conservatory when the syringas and jonquils and Jack-roses lie cuddled up together in their little beds is a thing to remember and look back to and pay for. To stand knee-deep in glass and gladioli, to smell the mashed and mussed-up mignonette and the last fragrant sigh of the scrunched heliotrope beneath the hoof of your horse, while far away the deep-mouthed baying of the hoarse hounds, hotly hugging the reeking trail of the aniseed bag, calls on the gorgeously caparisoned hills to

give back their merry music or fork it over to other answering hills, is joy to the huntsman's heart.

On, on I rode with my unconfined locks streaming behind me in the autumn wind. On and still on I sped, the big, bright pumpkin slipping up and down the gambrel of my spirited horse at every jump. On and ever on we went shedding terror and pumpkin seeds along our glittering track, till my proud steed ran his leg in a gopher hole and fell over one of those machines that they put on a high-headed steer to keep him from jumping fences. As the horse fell, the necklace of this hickory poke flew up and adjusted itself around my throat. In an instant my steed was on his feet again, and gaily we went forward, while the prong of this barbarous appliance ever and anon plowed into a brand-new culvert or rooted up a clover-field. Every time it ran into an orchard or a cemetery it would jar my neck and knock me silly. But I could see with joy that it reduced the speed of my horse. At last, as the sun went down, reluctantly, it seemed to me, for he knew that he would never see such riding again, my ill-spent horse fell with a hollow moan, curled up, gave a spasmodic quiver with his little, nerveless, sawed-off tail, and died.

The other huntsmen succeeded in treeing the aniseed bag at sundown, in time to catch the six o'clock train home.

Fox-hunting is one of the most thrilling

pastimes of which I know, and for young men whose parents have amassed large sums of money in the intellectual pursuit of hides and tallow, the meet, the chase, the scamper, the full cry, the cover, the stellated fracture, the yelp of the pack, the yip, the yell of triumph, the confusion, the whoop, the holla, the halloos, the hurrah, the abrasion, the snort of the hunter, the concussion, the sward, the open, the earth-stopper, the strangulated hernia, the glad cry of the hound as he brings home the quivering seat of the peasant's pantaloons, the yelp of joy as he lays at his master's feet the strawberry mark of the rustic, all, all are exhilarating to the sons of our American nobility.

Fox-hunting combines the danger and the wild tumultuous joy of the skating-rink, the taboggan slide, the mush-and-milk sociable and the straw ride.

With a good horse, an air cushion, a reliable earth-stopper and an aniseed bag, a man must indeed be thoroughly blasé who cannot enjoy a scamper across country, over the Pennsylvania wold, the New Jersey mere, the Connecticut moor, the Indiana glade, the Missouri brake, the Michigan mead, the American tarn, the fen, the gulch, the buffalo wallow, the cranberry marsh, the glen, the draw, the canon, the ravine, the forks, the bottom, or the settlement.

For the young American nobleman whose ducal father made his money by inventing a

fluent pill, or who gained his great wealth through relieving humanity by means of a lung-pad, a liver-pad, a kidney-pad or a foot-pad, fox-hunting is first rate.

When Mark Twain was married, his bride's father bought and furnished a handsome house for the young pair. Twain knew nothing of it until after the wedding, when it was shown to him in all its completeness by a party of his wife's relatives, and, of course, his wife, who at length broke out, "It's our house—yours and mine—a present from father." He choked up, and, with tears in his eyes, stammered out to his father-in-law: "Mr. Langdon, whenever you are in Buffalo, if it's twice a year, come right up here and bring your bag with you. You may stay over night, if you want to. It shan't cost you a cent!"

"Mamma, do liars ever go to heaven?"

"Why, no, probably not."

"Has papa ever told a lie?"

"I suppose not; he may have."

"And, mamma, have you ever told one? Uncle Joseph has, and I have, and almost everybody."

"I don't know but I have sometimes."

"Well, it must be lonesome up there with only God and George Washington."

A REMARKABLE DREAM

MANY stories are told of children, but this strikes me as a remarkable one in many ways, not the least of which is that it is true.

This child was allowed to sit up one evening when there were guests at dinner. The child was five years old.

Her grandmother was her especial guardian in matters of conduct, and toward the middle of the dinner, feeling that the child had been up longer than was good for her, told her that she must say good-night and go up to bed.

The child did not show any ill-temper. She had been well brought up, and she left the table without any protest.

But the next morning at breakfast she complained to her mother that she had had such a terrible dream. Her mother and her grandmother tried to get her to tell what it was, but she hesitated. She did not want to tell her dream. Finally she said:

"I dreamed that I was dead."

Her mother was worried, and asked her to tell the rest of her dream.

"I dreamed that I was dead, and I went up to heaven and knocked at the gate. And then some one came to the gate, and he had keys in his hand, and so I knew it must be St. Peter"—the child had had Bible instruction—"and

St. Peter said, 'Well, little girl, what do you want here?'

"And I said, 'I died, and I've come up to heaven.'

"And St. Peter said: 'I'm sorry, little girl, but heaven's full. There isn't any room for you.'

"So I went away, and then I went down to hell, and knocked at the door. A man came to open the door—and he was a very nice looking man. 'Well,' he said, 'little girl, what are you coming here for?'

"And I said, 'I died, and I went up to heaven, and St. Peter said he couldn't let me in, and all that sort of thing, so I came here.'

"And the man was very nice. He said: 'Well, we'll find room for you, little girl. We've got a good many people here, but we'll find some place for you.' So I went in, and it seemed to be quite a pleasant place, and there were a good many people there. It didn't seem to be a very uncomfortable place. And the man took me to a room where there was a lounge against the wall, and he said, 'You can sit there on the lounge for a little while, but you can't stay very long, because we're saving this lounge for your grandmother.' "

Well, there was nothing to be said. It was her dream. They couldn't punish her. They just had to let it go—but I've never believed it *was* a dream.

DOCTOR CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

CHARLES F. BROWNE

("Artemus Ward")

AMONG THE SPIRITS

My naburs is mourn harf crazy on the new fangled idear about Sperrets. Sperretooul Sircles is held nitely & 4 or 5 long hared fellers has settled here and gone into the sperret biznis excloosively. A atemt was made to git Mrs. A. Ward to embark into the Sperret biznis but the atemt faled. 1 of the long hared fellers told her she was a ethereal creeter & wood make a sweet mejium, whareupon she attact him with a mop handle & dr. ve him out of the house. I will hear obsarve that Mrs. Ward is a invalerble womun—the partner of my gois & the shairer of my sorrers. In my absunce she watchis my interests & things with a Eagle Eye & when I return she welcums me in afectionate stile. Trooly it is with us as it was with Mr. & Mrs. INGOMER in the Play, to whit—

> 2 soles with but a single thawt
> 2 harts which beet as 1.

My naburs injooced me to attend a Sperretooul Sircle at Squire Smith's. When I arrove I found the east room chock full, includin all the old maids in the villige & the long hared fellers a4sed. When I went in I was salootid with "hear cums the benited man"—"hear cums the

hory-heded unbeleever"—"hear cums the skoffer at trooth," etsettery, etsettery.

Sez I, "my frens, it's troo I'm hear, & now bring on your Sperrets."

1 of the long hared fellers riz up and sed he would state a few remarks. He sed man was a critter of intelleck & was movin on to a Gole. Sum men had bigger intellecks than other men had and they wood git to the Gole the soonerest. Sum men was beests & wood never git into the Gole at all. He sed the Erth was materiel but man was immateriel, and hens man was different from the Erth. The Erth, continnered the speeker, resolves round on its own axeltree onct in 24 hours, but as man haint gut no axeltree he cant resolve. He sed the ethereal essunce of the koordinate branchis of superhuman natur becum metty-morfussed as man progest in harmonial coexistunce & even-tooally anty humanized theirselves & turned into regular sperretuellers. [This was versifferusly applauded by the cumpany, and as I make it a pint to get along as pleasant as possible I sung out "bully for you, old boy."]

The cumpany then drew round the table and the Sircle kommenst to go it. They axed me if thare was anybody in the Sperret land which I wood like to convarse with. I sed if Bill Tompkins, who was onct my partner in the show biznis, was sober, I should like to convarse with him a few periods.

"Is the Sperret of William Tompkins present?"

sed 1 of the long hared chaps, and there was three knox on the table.

Sez I, "William, how goze it, Old Sweetness?"

"Pretty ruff, old hoss," he replied.

That was a pleasant way we had of addressin each other when he was in the flesh.

"Air you in the show biznis, William?" sed I.

He sed he was. He sed he & John Bunyan was travelin with a side show in connection with Shakspere, Jonson & Co.'s Circus. He sed old Bun (meaning Mr. Bunyan) stired up the animils & ground the organ while he tended door. Occashunally Mr. Bunyan sung a comic song. The Circus was doin middlin well. Bill Shakspeer had made a grate hit with old Bob Ridley, and Ben Jonson was delitin the people with his trooly grate ax of hossmanship without saddul or bridal. They was rehersin Dixey's Land & expected it would knock the peple.

Sez I, "William, my luvly frend, can you pay me that 13 dollars you owe me?" He sed no with one of the most tremenjis knox I ever experienced.

The Sircle sed he had gone. "Are you gone, William?" I axed. "Rayther," he replied, and I knowd it was no use to pursoo the subjeck furder.

I then called for my father.

"How's things, daddy?"

"Middlin, my son, middlin."

"Ain't you proud of your orfurn boy?"

"Scacely."

"Why not, my parient?"

"Becawz you hav gone to writin for the noospapers, my son. Bimeby you'll lose all your character for trooth and verrasserty. When I helpt you into the show biznis I told you to dignerfy that there profeshun. Litteratoor is low."

He also statid that he was doin middlin well in the peanut bisnis & liked it putty well, tho' the climit was rather warm.

When the Sircle stopt they axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "My friends I've bin into the show biznis now goin on 23 years. Theres a artikil in the Constittoshun of the United States which sez in effeck that everybody may think just as he darn pleases, & them is my sentiments to a hare. You dowtlis beleeve this Sperret doctrin while I think it is a little mixt. Just as soon as a man becums a reglar out & out Sperret rapper he leeves orf workin, lets his hare grow all over his fase & commensis spungin his livin out of other peple. He eats all the dickshunaries he can find & goze round chock full of big words, scarein the wimmin folks & little children & destroyin the peace of mind of every famerlee he enters. He don't do nobody no good & is a cuss to society & a pirit on honest peple's corn beef barrils. Admittin all you say abowt the doctrin to be troo, I must say the regular perfessional Sperret rappers—them as makes a biznis on it —air abowt the most

ornery set of cusses I ever enkountered in my life. So sayin I put on my surtoot and went home. Respectably Yures.

A certain eminent judge who was recently reëlected, when asked about the facility with which he turned from one case to another, replied that he had learned that from what he saw at a baptism of colored people when he was a boy. The weather was very cold, so that to immerse the candidates they were obliged to cut away the ice. It befell that when one of the female converts was dipped back into the water, the cold made her squirm about, and in a moment she had slipped from the preacher's hands and was down the stream under the ice. The preacher, however, was not disconcerted. Looking up with perfect calmness at the crowd on the bank, he said, "Brethren, this sister hath departed—hand me down another."

A Glens Falls teacher was trying to impress on the class the lessons of Washington's Birthday, and, among other questions, she asked:

"If the Southern Confederacy had succeeded, what would Washington have been the father of?"

"Twins," was the prompt reply of one of the boys.

THE LITTLE PEACH

A LITTLE peach in the orchard grew,
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew.
It grew.

One day, passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue,
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw,
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then the trouble began to brew,
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue.
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue.
And their little souls to the angels flew,
Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!

EUGENE FIELD.

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A GOOD REASON

To illustrate the position of one of the great national parties during a campaign noted for its fiery partizanship, Mr. Depew tells this story of the youthful politician and the woodchuck:

"The tutor in one of the smaller schools near my native town of Peekskill had drilled a number of his brightest scholars in the history of contemporary politics, and to test both their faith and their knowledge he called upon three of them one day and demanded a declaration of personal political principles.

" 'You are a Republican, Tom, are you not?"

" 'Yes, sir."

" 'And Bill, you are a Prohibitionist, I believe?

" 'I am, sir."

" 'And Jim, you are a Democrat?'

" 'Yes, sir.'

" 'Well, now, the one of you that can give me the best reason why he belongs to his party can have this woodchuck which I caught on my way to school this morning.'

" 'I am a Republican,' said the first boy, 'because the Republican party saved the country in the war and abolished slavery.'

" 'And Bill, why are you a Prohibitionist?'

" 'I am a Prohibitionist,' rattled off the youth, 'because rum is the country's greatest enemy and the cause of our overcrowded prisons and poorhouses.'

"'Excellent reasons, Bill!' remarked the tutor encouragingly. 'Now, why are you a Democrat, Jim?'

"'Well, sir,' was the slow reply, 'I am a Democrat because I want that woodchuck.'

"And he got it, too," added Mr. Depew.

Two war-time Senators abundantly endowed with humor were James W. Nesmith, of Oregon, and James A. McDougall, of California. McDougall's weakness was the bottle, and though he was wont to declare that he "never got drunk above his hatband," his bearing often belied his words. But, in liquor or out of it, his wit was ever uppermost, and he never missed an opportunity to coin a jest. When he left Washington at the close of his term a number of friends kept him company to the railroad station. Bidding good-bye to his clerk, he added mournfully:

"I am going back to Albany, where I was born, to die."

"But if you are sick, Senator," said the clerk, "why not remain here among your friends?"

"No, my son," was the reply, "I have reasoned it all out, and Albany is the choice." Then, pausing for a moment to note the glance of inquiry for the reason, he added, "Because I feel in my heart that I can leave Albany with less regret than any place I ever saw."

FABLES

The Merchant of Venice

A Venetian merchant who was lolling in the lap of Luxury was accosted upon the Rialto by a Friend who had not seen him for many months.

"How is this?" cried the latter; "when I last saw you your Gaberdine was out at elbows, and now you sail in your own Gondola!"

"True," replied the Merchant, "but since then I have met with serious losses, and been obliged to compound with my Creditors for Ten Cents on the Dollar."

Moral.—Composition is the Life of Trade.

The Good Samaritan

A certain Man went from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among Thieves, who beat him and stripped him and left him for dead. A Good Samaritan, seeing this, clapped Spurs to his ass and galloped away, lest he should be sent to the House of Detention as a Witness, while the Robbers were released on bail.

Moral.—The Perceiver is worse than the Thief.

George T. Lanigan.

HENRY CUYLER BUNNER

THE LOVE LETTERS OF SMITH

When the little seamstress had climbed to her room in the story over the top story of the great brick tenement-house in which she lived, she was quite tired out. If you do not understand what a story over a top story is, you must remember that there are no limits to human greed, and hardly any to the height of tenement-houses. When the man who owned that seven-story tenement found that he could rent another floor, he found no difficulty in persuading the guardians of our building laws to let him clap another story on the roof, like a cabin on the deck of a ship; and in the southeasterly of the four apartments on this floor the little seamstress lived. You could just see the top of her window from the street—the huge cornice that had capped the original front, and that served as her window-sill now, quite hid all the lower part of the story on top of the top story.

The little seamstress was scarcely thirty years old, but she was such an old-fashioned little body in so many of her looks and ways that I had almost spelled her sempstress, after the fashion of our grandmothers. She had been a comely body, too; and would have been

still if she had not been thin and pale and anxious-eyed.

She was tired out to-night because she had been working hard all day for a lady who lived far up in the "new Wards" beyond Harlem River, and after the long journey home she had to climb seven flights of tenement-house stairs. She was too tired, both in body and in mind, to cook the two little chops she had brought home. She would save them for breakfast, she thought. So she made herself a cup of tea on the miniature stove, and ate a slice of dry bread with it. It was too much trouble to make toast.

But after dinner she watered her flowers. She was never too tired for that; and the six pots of geraniums that caught the south sun on the top of the cornice did their best to repay her. Then she sat down in her rocking-chair by the window and looked out. Her aerie was high above all the other buildings, and she could look across some low roofs opposite and see the farther end of Tompkins Square, with its sparse spring green showing faintly through the dusk. The eternal roar of the city floated up to her and vaguely troubled her. She was a country girl, and, although she had lived for ten years in New York, she had never grown used to that ceaseless murmur. To-night she felt the languor of the new season as well as the heaviness of physical exhaustion. She was almost too tired to go to bed.

She thought of the hard day done and the hard day to be begun after the night spent on the hard little bed. She thought of the peaceful days in the country, when she taught school in the Massachusetts village where she was born. She thought of a hundred small slights that she had to bear from people better fed than bred. She thought of the sweet green fields that she rarely saw nowadays. She thought of the long journey forth and back that must begin and end her morrow's work, and she wondered if her employer would think to offer to pay her fare. Then she pulled herself together. She must think of more agreeable things, or she could not sleep. And as the only agreeable things she had to think about were her flowers, she looked at the garden on top of the cornice.

A peculiar gritting noise made her look down, and she saw a cylindrical object, that glittered in the twilight, advancing in an irregular and uncertain manner toward her flower-pots. Looking closer, she saw that it was a pewter beer-mug, which somebody in the next apartment was pushing with a two-foot rule. On top of the beer-mug was a piece of paper, and on this paper was written, in a sprawling, half-formed hand:

porter
pleas excuse the libberty And
drink it

The seamstress started up in terror and shut the window. She remembered that there was a man in the next apartment. She had seen him on the stairs on Sundays. He seemed a grave, decent person; but—he must be drunk. She sat down on her bed, all a-tremble. Then she reasoned with herself. The man was drunk, that was all. He probably would not annoy her further. And if he did, she had only to retreat to Mrs. Mulvaney's apartment in the rear, and Mr. Mulvaney, who was a highly respectable man and worked in a boiler-shop, would protect her. So, being a poor woman—who had already had occasion to excuse—and refuse—two or three "liberties" of like sort, she had made up her mind to go to bed like a reasonable seamstress, and she did. She was rewarded, for when her light was out she could see in the moonlight that the two-foot rule appeared again, with one joint bent back, hitched itself into the mug handle and withdrew the mug.

The next day was a hard one for the little seamstress, and she hardly thought of the affair of the night before until the same hour had come and she sat once more by her window. Then she smiled at the remembrance.

"Poor fellow," she said in her charitable heart, "I've no doubt he's *awfully* ashamed of it now. Perhaps he was never tipsy before. Perhaps he didn't know there was a lone woman in here to be frightened."

Just then she heard a gritting sound. She looked down. The pewter pot was in front of her, and the two-foot rule was slowly retiring. On the pot was a piece of paper, and on the paper was:

porter
good for the helth
it makes meet

This time the little seamstress shut her window with a bang of indignation. The color rose to her pale cheeks. She thought that she would go down to see the janitor at once. Then she remembered the seven flights of stairs and she resolved to see the janitor in the morning. Then she went to bed and saw the mug drawn back just as it had been drawn back the night before.

The morning came, but somehow the seamstress did not care to complain to the janitor. She hated to make trouble—and the janitor might think—and—and—well, if the wretch did it again, she would speak to him herself and that would settle it.

And so, on the next night, which was a Thursday, the little seamstress sat down by her window, resolved to settle the matter. And she had not sat there long, rocking in the creaking little rocking-chair which she had brought with her from her old home, when the pewter pot hove in sight, with a piece of paper on the top.

This time the legend read:

Perhaps you are afrade i will
adress you
i am not that kind

The seamstress did not quite know whether to laugh or to cry. But she felt that the time had come for speech. She leaned out of her window and addressed the twilight heaven.

"Mr.—Mr.—sir—I—will you *please* put your head out of the window so that I can speak to you?"

The silence of the other room was undisturbed. The seamstress drew back, blushing. But before she could nerve herself for another attack, a piece of paper appeared on the end of the two-foot rule.

when i Say a thing i
mean it
i have Sed i would not
Adress you and i
Will not

What was the little seamstress to do? She stood by the window and thought hard about it. Should she complain to the janitor? But the creature was perfectly respectful. No doubt he meant to be kind. He certainly was kind, to waste these pots of porter on her. She remembered the last time—and the first—that she had drunk porter. It was at home, when she was a young girl, after she had had the diphtheria.

She remembered how good it was, and how it had given her back her strength. And without one thought of what she was doing, she lifted the pot of porter and took one little reminiscent sip—two little reminiscent sips—and became aware of her utter fall and defeat. She blushed now as she had never blushed before, put the pot down, closed the window, and fled to her bed like a deer to the woods.

And when the porter arrived the next night, bearing the simple appeal:

Don't be afrade of it
drink it all

the little seams ress arose and grasped the pot firmly by the handle and poured its contents over the earth around her largest geranium. She poured the contents out to the last drop, and then she dropped the pot and ran back and sat on her bed and cried, with her face hid in her hands.

"Now," she said to herself, "you've done it! And you're just as nasty and hard-hearted and suspicious and mean as—as pusley!"

And she wept to think of her hardness of heart. "He will never give me a chance to say I am sorry," she thought. And, really, she might have spoken kindly to the poor man and told him that she was much obliged to him, but that he really mustn't ask her to drink porter with him.

"But it's all over and done now," she said to herself as she sat at her window on Saturday night. And then she looked at the cornice and saw the faithful little pewter pot traveling slowly toward her.

She was conquered. This act of Christian forbearance was too much for her kindly spirit She read the inscription on the paper:

porter is good for Flours
but better for Fokes

and she lifted the pot to her lips, which were not half so red as her cheeks, and took a good hearty, grateful draft.

She sipped in thoughtful silence after this first plunge, and presently she was surprised to find the bottom of the pot in full view.

On the table at her side a few pearl buttons were screwed up in a bit of white paper. She untwisted the paper and smoothed it out, and wrote in tremulous hand—she *could* write a very neat hand—

Thanks

This she laid on the top of the pot, and in a moment the bent two-foot rule appeared and drew the mail-carriage home. Then she sat still, enjoying the warm glow of the porter, which seemed to have permeated her entire being with a heat that was not at all like the

unpleasant and oppressive heat of the atmosphere, an atmosphere heavy with the spring damp. A gritting on the tin aroused her. A piece of paper lay under her eyes.

fine growing weather
Smith

it said.

Now it is unlikely that in the whole round and range of conversational commonplaces there was one other greeting that could have induced the seamstress to continue the exchange of communications. But this simple and homely phrase touched her country heart. What did "*growing weather*" matter to the toilers in this waste of brick and mortar? This stranger must be, like herself, a country-bred soul, longing for the new green and the upturned brown mold of the country fields. She took up the paper and wrote under the first message:

Fine

But that seemed curt; *for* she added: "*for*" what? She did not know. At last in desperation she put down *potatoes*. The piece of paper was withdrawn and came back with an addition:

Too mist for potatos.

And when the little seamstress had read this and grasped the fact that *m-i-s-t* represented

the writer's pronunciation of "moist," she laughed softly to herself. A man whose mind at such a time was seriously bent upon potatoes was not a man to be feared. She found a half sheet of note-paper, and wrote:

I lived in a small village before I came to New York, but I am afraid I do not know much about farming. Are you a farmer?

The answer came:

have ben most Every thing
farmed a Spel in Maine
Smith

As she read this, the seamstress heard a church clock strike nine.

"Bless me, is it so late?" she cried, and she hurriedly penciled *Good-night*, thrust the paper out, and closed the window. But a few minutes later, passing by, she saw yet another bit of paper on the cornice, fluttering in the evening breeze. It said only *good nite*, and after a moment's hesitation the little seamstress took it in and gave it shelter.

. . . . .

After this they were the best of friends. Every evening the pot appeared, and while the seamstress drank from it at her window, Mr. Smith drank from its twin at his; and notes were exchanged as rapidly as Mr. Smith's early

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education permitted, They told each other their histories, and Mr. Smith's was one of travel and variety, which he seemed to consider quite a matter of course. He had followed the sea, he had farmed, he had been a logger and a hunter in the Maine woods. Now he was foreman of an East River lumber-yard, and he was prospering. In a year or two he would have enough laid by to go home to Bucksport and buy a share in a ship-building business. All this dribbled out in the course of a jerky but variegated correspondence, in which autobiographic details were mixed with reflections. moral and philosophical.

A few samples will give an idea of Mr. Smith's style:

i was one trip to van demens
land

To which the seamstress replied:

It must have been very interesting.

But Mr. Smith disposed of this subject very briefly:

it wornt

Further he vouchsafed:

i seen a chinese cook in
hong kong could cook flapjacks
like your Mother

a mishnery that sells Rum
is the menest of Gods crechers

a bulfite is not what it is
cract up to Be

the dagos are wussen the
brutes

i am 6 $1\frac{3}{4}$
but my Father was 6 *foot* 4

The seamstress had taught school one winter, and she could not refrain from making an attempt to reform Mr. Smith's orthography. One evening, in answer to this communication:

i killed a Bare in Maine 600
lbs. waight

she wrote:

Isn't it generally spelled Bear?

but she gave up the attempt when he responded:

a bare is a mene animle any
way you spel him

The spring wore on, and the summer came, and still the evening drink and the evening correspondence brightened the close of each

day for the little seamstress. And the draft of porter put her to sleep each night, giving her a calmer rest than she had ever known during her stay in the noisy city; and it began, moreover, to make a little "*meet*" for her. And then the thought that she was going to have an hour of pleasant companionship somehow gave her courage to cook and eat her little dinner, however tired she was. The seamstress's cheeks began to blossom with the June roses.

And all this time Mr. Smith kept his vow of silence unbroken, though the seamstress sometimes tempted him with little ejaculations and exclamations to which he might have responded. He was silent and invisible. Only the smoke of his pipe, and the clink of his mug as he sat it down on the cornice, told her that a living, material Smith was her correspondent. They never met on the stairs, for their hours of coming and going did not coincide. Once or twice they passed each other in the street—but Mr. Smith looked straight ahead of him, about a foot over her head. The little seamstress thought he was a very fine-looking man, with his six feet one and three-quarters and his thick brown beard. Most people would have called him plain.

Once she spoke to him. She was coming home one summer evening, and a gang of corner loafers stopped her and demanded money to buy beer, as is their custom. Before she had time to be frightened, Mr. Smith appeared—

whence, she knew not—scattered the gang like chaff, and, collaring two of the human hyenas, kicked them, with deliberate, ponderous, alternate kicks, until they writhed in ineffable agony. When he let them crawl away she turned to him and thanked him warmly, looking very pretty now, with the color in her cheeks. But Mr. Smith answered no word. He stared over her head, grew red in the face, fidgeted nervously, but held his peace until his eyes fell on a rotund Teuton passing by.

"Say, Dutchy!" he roared.

The German stood aghast.

"I ain't got nothing to write with!" thundered Mr. Smith, looking him in the eye. And then the man of his word passed on his way.

And so the summer went on, and the two correspondents chatted silently from window to window, hid from sight of all the world below by the friendly cornice. And they looked out over the roof and saw the green of Tompkins Square grow darker and dustier as the months went on.

Mr. Smith was given to Sunday trips into the suburbs, and he never came back without a bunch of daisies or black-eyed Susans or, later, asters or goldenrod for the little seamstress. Sometimes, with a sagacity rare in his sex, he brought her a whole plant, with fresh loam for potting.

He gave her also a reel in a bottle, which, he wrote, he had "*maid*" himself, and some

coral, and a dried flying-fish that was somewhat fearful to look upon, with its swordlike fins and its hollow eyes. At first she could not go to sleep with that flying-fish hanging on the wall.

But he surprised the little seamstress very much one cool September evening, when he shoved this letter along the cornice:

Respected and Honored Madam:

Having long and vainly sought an opportunity to convey to you the expression of my sentiments, I now avail myself of the privilege of epistolary communication to acquaint you with the fact that the Emotions, which you have raised in my breast, are those which should point to Connubial Love and Affection rather than to simple Friendship. In short, Madam, I have the Honor to approach you with a Proposal, the acceptance of which will fill me with ecstatic Gratitude, and enable me to extend to you those Protecting Cares, which the Matrimonial Bond makes at once the Duty and the Privilege of him, who would, at no distant date, lead to the Hymeneal Altar one whose charms and virtues should suffice to kindle its Flames, without extraneous Aid.

I remain, Dear Madam,
Your Humble Servant and
Ardent Adorer, J. Smith.

The little seamstress gazed at this letter a long time. Perhaps she was wondering in

what Ready Letter-Writer of the last century Mr. Smith had found his form. Perhaps she was amazed at the results of his first attempt at punctuation. Perhaps she was thinking of something else, for there were tears in her eyes and a smile on her small mouth.

But it must have been a long time, and Mr. Smith must have grown nervous, for presently another communication came along the line where the top of the cornice was worn smooth It read:

If not understood will you
marry me

The little seamstress seized a piece of pape and wrote:

If I say Yes, will you speak to me?

Then she rose and passed it out to him, leaning out of the window, and their faces met.

Sunday-school Superintendent: "Who led the children of Israel into Canaan? Will one of the smaller boys answer?"

No reply.

Superintendent (somewhat sternly): "Can no one tell? Little boy on that seat next to the aisle, who led the children of Israel into Canaan?"

Little Boy (badly frightened): "It wasn't me. I—I just moved yere last week f'm Mizzoury."

Registrar of Voters: "How old are you, madam?"

Ancient Female: "I have seen nineteen summers, sir."

Registrar: "Er—um! How long have you been blind?"

"Doctor," said the sick man, "the other physicians who have been in consultation over my case seem to differ with you in the diagnosis."

"I know they do," replied the doctor, who has great confidence in himself, "but the autopsy will show who was right."

Wife (to husband): "Why is young Tompkins called a good fellow by his friends?"

Husband: "Because he is always good-natured and pleasant, can tell a story well, spends his money freely, and shamefully neglects his family."

Husband: "If you only had the ability to cook as my mother used to, I would be happy, dear."

Wife: "And if you only had the ability to make money enough to buy things to cook, as my father used to, I, too, would be happy, dear."

St. Peter (to applicant): "You say you were an editorial writer on a New York newspaper?"

Applicant: "Yes, sir."

St. Peter: "Step into the elevator, please."

Applicant (stepping into the elevator): "How soon does it go up?"

St. Peter: "It doesn't go up; it goes down."

Young Featherly (to hostess): "You have children, have you not, Mrs. B.?"

Mrs. B.: "Oh, yes. I have a boy seven years old and a little girl of five."

Young Featherly (astounded): "I declare, how time flies! It doesn't seem possible that you have been married twelve years."

Young Housekeeper (timidly): "Isn't fourteen cents rather high for turkey? I am quite sure the price across the way is only thirteen."

Butcher: "With the feet on?"

Young Housekeeper: "N-no, I think the feet are cut off."

Butcher (with a superior smile): "I thought so. When we sell a turkey, ma'am, we sell it feet and all."

Kentuckian (rushing into a saloon in great haste): "Here, give me a drink of whisky."

Bartender: "I'll have to go down cellar and tap a fresh barrel, Colonel; the old one has run out. But it won't take me a minute."

Kentuckian: "All right, go ahead; but be quick about it. I've just heard that my house is on fire, and I've no time to lose."

Her head was pillowed on his breast, and looking up in a shy way she said:

"Do you know, dear George, that——"

"You mean dear James, I think," he interrupted, smiling fondly at her mistake.

"Why, yes, to be sure. How stupid I am. I was thinking this is Wednesday evening."

Little Nellie: "Ma, is the baby very sick?"

Mother: "Not very, Nellie."

"He isn't likely to die, is he?"

"Oh, no; you wouldn't like your little brother to die, would you?"

"Well, n-no, Ma (with just a tinge of hesitation). I wouldn't like him to die, of course; but still, Ma, when Willie Waffles's little brother died he didn't have to go to school for a whole week."

This story is told of the Autocrat: "When her lion was leaving, the hostess, who had put the cream of her acquaintance on parade, and rather expected effusive admiration from the great man, said, with a confidential smile: 'Well, Doctor Holmes, what do you think of afternoon tea?' He answered in these four graphic words:

"'It is giggle—gabble—gobble—and git!'" This sentence will become historic.

FRANK R. STOCKTON

A PIECE OF RED CALICO

Mr. Editor: If the following true experience shall prove of any advantage to any of your readers I shall be glad.

I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a little piece of red calico and asked me if I would have time during the day to buy her two yards and a half of calico like that. I assured her that it would be no trouble at all; and putting the piece of calico in my pocket, I took the train for the city.

At lunch time I stopped in at a large dry-goods store to attend to my wife's commission. I saw a well-dressed man walking the floor between the counters, where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir," and he led me up the store.

"Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show this gentleman some red calico."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico that my wife had given me. She looked at it and

handed it back to me. Then she took down a great roll of red calico and spread it out on the counter.

"Why, that isn't the shade!" said I.

"No, not exactly," said she; "but it is prettier than your sample."

"That may be," said I; "but, you see, I want to match this piece. There is something already made of this kind of calico which needs to be made larger, or mended, or something. I want some calico of the same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she.

"Yes," I replied, "but it's striped."

"Stripes are more worn than anything else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes; but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff, to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain unless you get Turkey-red."

"What is Turkey-red?" I asked.

"Turkey-red is perfectly plain in calicoes," she answered.

"Well, let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey-red calico left," she said, "but we have some very nice plain calicoes in other colors."

"I don't want any other color. I want stuff to match this."

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and so I left her.

I next went into a store a few doors farther up Broadway. When I entered I approached the "floorwalker," and, handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter to the right."

I went to the third counter to the right and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"That gentleman said you had," said I.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's."

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

"Have you any stuff like this?" I asked.

"No," said the salesman, "we haven't. Is it for furniture?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Then Turkey-red is what you want?"

"Is Turkey-red just like this?" I asked.

"No," said he, "but it's much better."

"That makes no difference to me," I replied. "I want something just like this."

"But they don't use that for furniture," he said.

"I should think people could use anything they wanted for furniture," I remarked, somewhat sharply.

"They can, but they don't," he said quite calmly. "They don't use red like that. They use Turkey-red."

I said no more, but left. The next place I visited was a very large dry-goods store. Of the first salesman I saw I inquired if they kept red calico like my sample.

"You'll find that on the second story," said he.

I went upstairs. There I asked a man:

"Where will I find red calico?"

"In the far room to the left. Right over there." And he pointed to a distant corner.

I walked through the crowds of purchasers and salespeople and around the counters and tables filled with goods, to the far room to the left. When I got there I asked for red calico.

"The second counter down this side," said the man.

I went there and produced my sample. "Calicoes downstairs," said the man.

"They told me they were up here," I said.

"Not these plain goods. You'll find 'em downstairs at the back of the store, over on that side."

I went downstairs to the back of the store.

"Where will I find red calico like this?" I asked.

"Next counter but one," said the man addressed, walking with me in the direction pointed out. "Dunn, show red calicoes."

Mr. Dunn took my sample and looked at it.

"We haven't this shade in that quality of goods," he said.

"Well, have you it in any quality of goods?" I asked.

"Yes; we've got it finer." And he took down a piece of calico and unrolled a yard or two of it on the counter.

"That's not this shade," I said.

"No," said he. "The goods is finer and the color's better."

"I want it to match this," I said.

"I thought you weren't particular about the match," said the salesman. "You said you didn't care for the quality of the goods, and you know you can't match goods without you take into consideration quality and color both. If you want that quality of goods in red you ought to get Turkey-red."

I did not think it necessary to answer this remark, but said:

"Then you've got nothing to match this?"

"No, sir. But perhaps they may have it in the upholstery department, in the sixth story."

So I got in the elevator and went up to the top of the house.

"Have you any red stuff like this?" I said to a young man.

"Red stuff? Upholstery department—other end of this floor."

I went to the other end of the floor.

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Fourth counter to the left."

I went to the fourth counter to the left and showed my sample to a salesman. He looked at it and said:

"You'll get this down on the first floor—calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended in the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico. But I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and there must be some to be had somewhere. I ought to have asked her where she bought it, but I thought a simple little thing like that could be bought anywhere. I went into another large dry-goods store. As I entered the door a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I had had any other kind of a rag about me—a pen-wiper or anything of the sort—I think I would have asked them if they could match that.

But I stepped up to a young woman and presented my sample, with the usual question.

"Back room, counter on the left," she said. I went there.

"Have you any red calico like this?" I asked of the lady behind the counter.

"No, sir," she said; "but we have it in Turkey-red."

Turkey-red again! I surrendered.

"All right," I said; "give me Turkey-red."

"How much, sir?" she asked.

"I don't know—say five yards."

The lady looked at me rather strangely, but measured off five yards of Turkey-red calico. Then she rapped on the counter and called out "Cash!" A little girl, with yellow hair in two long plaits, came slowly up. The lady wrote the number of yards, the name of the goods, her own number, the price, the amount of the bank-note I handed her, and some other matters, probably the color of my eyes and the direction and velocity of the wind, on a slip of paper. She then copied all this in a little book which she kept by her. Then she handed the slip of paper, the money and the Turkey-red to the yellow-haired girl. This young girl copied the slip in a little book she carried, and then she went away with the calico, the paper slip, and the money.

After a very long time—during which the little girl probably took the goods, the money and the slip to some central desk, where the note was received, its amount and number entered in a book, change given to the girl, a copy of the slip made and entered, girl's entry examined and approved, goods wrapped up, girl registered, plaits counted and entered on a slip of paper and copied by the girl in her book, girl taken to a hydrant and washed, number of towel entered on a paper slip and copied by the girl in her book, value of my note and amount of

change branded somewhere on the child, and said process noted on a slip of paper and copied in her book—the girl came to me, bringing my change and the package of Turkey-red calico.

I had time for but very little work at the office that afternoon, and when I reached home I handed the package of calico to my wife. She unrolled it and exclaimed:

"Why, this don't match the piece I gave you!"

"Match it!" I cried. "Oh, no! it doesn't match it. You didn't want that matched. You were mistaken. What you wanted was Turkey-red—third counter to the left. I mean, Turkey-red is what they use."

My wife looked at me in amazement, and then I detailed to her my troubles.

"Well," said she, "this Turkey-red is a great deal prettier than what I had, and you've got so much of it that I needn't use the other after all. I wish I had thought of Turkey-red before."

"I wish from my heart you had," said I.

ANDREW SCOGGIN.

—The Lady or the Tiger, and Other Stories.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE

HER LETTER

I'm sitting alone by the fire,
  Dressed just as I came from the dance,
In a robe even *you* would admire—
  It cost a cool thousand in France;
I'm be-diamonded out of all reason,
  My hair is done up in a cue:
In short, sir, "the belle of the season"
  Is wasting an hour on you.

A dozen engagements I've broken;
  I left in the midst of a set,
Likewise a proposal, half-spoken,
  That waits—on the stairs—for me yet.
They say he'll be rich—when he grows up
  And then he adores me indeed.
And you, sir, are turning your nose up,
  Three thousand miles off, as you read.

"And how do I like my position?"
  "And what do I think of New York?"
"And now, in my higher ambition,
  With whom do I waltz, flirt, or talk?"
"And isn't it nice to have riches,
  And diamonds and silks, and all that?"
"And isn't it a change to the ditches
  And tunnels of Poverty Flat?"

Well, yes—if you saw us out driving
  Each day in the Park, four-in-hand—
If you saw poor dear mamma contriving
  To look supernaturally grand—
If you saw papa's picture, as taken
  By Brady, and tinted at that—
You'd never suspect he sold bacon
  And flour at Poverty Flat.

And yet, just this moment, when sitting
  In the glare of the grand chandelier—
In the bustle and glitter befitting
  The "finest *soirée* of the year"—
In the mists of a *gaze de Chambery*,
  And the hum of the smallest of talk —
Somehow, Joe, I thought of the "Ferry"
  And the dance that we had on "The Fork"

Of Harrison's barn, with its muster
  Of flags festooned over the wall;
Of the candles that shed their soft luster
  And tallow on head-dress and shawl;
Of the steps that we took to one fiddle;
  Of the dress of my queer *vis-à-vis*,
And how I once went down the middle
  With the man that shot Sandy McGee;

Of the moon that was quietly sleeping
  On the hill, when the time came to go;
Of the few baby peaks that were peeping
  From under their bedclothes of snow;

Her Letter

Of that ride—that to me was the rarest;
  Of—the something you said at the gate.
Ah, Joe, then I wasn't an heiress
  To "the best-paying lead in the State!"

Well, well, it's all past; yet it's funny
  To think, as I stood in the glare
Of fashion and beauty and money,
  That I should be thinking, right there,
Of someone who breasted high water,
  And swam the North Fork, and all that,
Just to dance with old Folinsbee's daughter
  The Lily of Poverty Flat.

But goodness! what nonsense I'm writing!
  (Mamma says my taste still is low),
Instead of my triumphs reciting,
  I'm spooning on Joseph—heigh-ho!
And I'm to be "finished" by travel—
  Whatever's the meaning of that—
Oh! why did papa strike pay gravel
  In drifting on Poverty Flat?

Good night—here's the end of my paper;
  Good night—if the longitude please—
For maybe, while wasting my taper,
  Your sun's climbing over the trees.
But know, if you haven't got riches,
  And are poor, dearest Joe, and all that,
That my heart's somewhere there in the ditches
  And you've struck it—on Poverty Flat.

—*Complete Poetical Works.*

A WARM WELCOME

It was a new town in the West, and after breakfast I wandered up and down the one long street to find the office of the local weekly paper. By and by I came to a shanty with the sign of the *Herald* over the door, but the door stood open, the windows were out, and it was plain that a removal had taken place.

"Who you lookin' for?" gruffly inquired the saloon man next door.

"For the editor."

"He's over thar!"

"Over where?"

"Can't you see that fenced-in place over thar?"

"Certainly. Looks to me like a graveyard."

"And so it is, and that's where he's planted! You ar' speakin' of the last one, I take it?"

"Has more than one been planted around here?"

"I should gurgle that there had! Let's see! One—two—three—four—five—— Hold on a minit! Hello, Hank!"

Hank came across the street, and the saloonist asked:

"How many of those newspaper critters have been planted around here?"

"Six!" was the prompt reply, "and they say thar's another cayuse in town smellin' around to start another paper. I'm jest lookin' him up! Is this the feller?"

"Oh, no!" I replied in my softest tones. "I'm either going to start a saloon or a faro bank. I was just inquiring out of curiosity."

"Then that's all right, and we'll drink at your expense. Any legitimate business is welcome here, but the critter who comes along with a newspaper hurts our feelin's and insults our manhood, and has to dodge or drop. Saloon or faro, eh? Better make it faro, 'cause we are long on saloons and short on faros jest now. Glad to meet you. Allus does me good to shake hands with a newcomer who has the interest of this town at heart!"

The other day a great, gaunt colored man entered the express office, and, edging up to the man in charge, took off his hat and asked if there had been anything received for George Washington.

The clerk looked at the man searchingly and then with a knowing air remarked:

"Ah, what game are you trying to work on me now? He's been dead long ago."

This story is much the same as the story about the Congressman who declared in an address to the House:

"As Daniel Webster says in his great dictionary——"

"It was Noah who wrote the dictionary," whispered a colleague, who sat at the next desk.

"Noah, nothing," replied the speaker. "Noah built the ark."

THE HEIGHT OF THE RIDICULOUS

I WROTE some lines once on a time,
In wondrous merry mood,
And thought, as usual, men would say
They were exceeding good.

They were so queer, so very queer,
I laughed as I would die;
Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I.

I called my servant, and he came;
How kind it was of him,
To mind a slender man like me,
He of the mighty limb!

"These to the printer," I exclaimed
And, in my humorous way,
I added (as a trifling jest),
"There'll be the devil to pay."

He took the paper, and I watched,
And saw him peep within;
At the first line he read, his face
Was all upon the grin.

He read the next: the grin grew broad,
And shot from ear to ear;
He read the third: a chuckling noise
I now began to hear.

The Height of the Ridiculous

The fourth: he broke into a roar;
  The fifth: his waistband split;
The sixth: he burst five buttons off,
  And tumbled in a fit.

Ten days and nights, with sleepless eye
  I watched that wretched man,
And since, I never dare to write,
  As funny as I can.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

A story comes from Kansas, where the Farmers' Alliance and its platform of principles were once the chief topics of conversation. A man of rather questionable character died in a remote part of Waterloo township. The nearest preacher was summoned to preach a funeral sermon. Not knowing the man, the preacher contented himself with a few general remarks on the solemn nature of the occasion, and then said he would be glad to have any of the company present say a word about the dead man, if they desired. No one moved or spoke, and again the preacher extended an invitation to the company to offer remarks, but again his invitation met with silence. Finally an old farmer, who sat in the corner of the front room, rose and said: "If no one has any remarks to make about the deceased, I would like to make a few remarks about the Alliance's sub-treasury plan."

FIELD'S LITTLE JOKE

In 1884, the present writer, then an editorial writer for the Chicago *Daily News*, did his work in the same room where Mr. Eugene Field wrote those graceful verses and irresistibly funny paragraphs which made the "Sharps and Flats" column of that journal so eagerly sought for. Both occupants of the room were frequently subject to visits from acquaintances who chanced to be in the city for the day, so they contrived a number of practical jokes intended to increase the respect which some of these lay brethren had for newspaper writers in general and for these two in particular. One day an acquaintance of Mr. Field's boyhood, a tall, gangling-looking Missourian, came in and made himself known. After cordial greetings and a few moments of conversation, Mr. Field clapped his hand to his brow, assumed a wild expression, and speaking sharply to his room-mate as if he were an amanuensis, said, "Take this poem down."

The amanuensis cleared the deck of his desk for action and Mr. Field began to dictate a poem. It was a beautiful little lyric upon which he had devoted, weeks of painstaking work, but he reeled it off as if it had just popped into his mind, and, to increase the wonderment in the mind of his guest, turned two or three

times in the course of the dictation and chatted with him about their boyhood frolics. The eyes of the Missourian stood out in amazement, as, at the close of the dictation, the amanuensis read the charmingly finished poem, and Mr. Field in a tone of command, said:

"Send it up to the printer. Have it put in to-morrow morning's paper."

The next morning the Missourian, proud of his acquaintance with so wonderful a man as Mr. Field had showed himself to be, read the poem, and set out to tell everybody who would listen how an inspired genius writes poetry.

In the Silver Bow Club in Helena they used to play big poker. At the game one day sat Marcus Daly, Senator Hearst and J. B. Haggin, when there burst in a radiant New York drummer who had a two weeks' card to the institution. He marched up to the players and politely inquired if he might take a hand.

"Why, yes; come right in," said Daly.

The drummer pulled out a roll of bills and threw a hundred-dollar note on the table. "Let me have chips for that," he said grandly. He went to hang up his coat and hat. When he returned the bill still lay on the table.

"What's the matter, gentlemen?" the traveling man haughtily inquired; "ain't my money good?"

"Why, yes, to be sure," said Daly. "Hearst, give the gentleman one white chip."

CHARLES F. BROWNE
("Artemus Ward")

THE SHAKERS

THE Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em and I'd see 'em, with their broad-brim'd hats and long-wastid coats; but I'd never cum into immejit contack with 'em and I'd sot 'em down as lackin intelleck, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show—leastways, if they cum they was disgised in white peple's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the spring of 18— I got swampt in the exterior of New York State one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I obsarved the gleams of a taller candle. Tiein a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum-lookin individooal, who turned out to be a Elder.

"Mr. Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way

into the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin sumwhat like a last year's beanpole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd "a few." She went orf and I endevered to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I s'pect?" sed I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness—or do you devote your sarvices grattooitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that pecooler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin trimmins?"

"Yay!"

I pawsd a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be faseshus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a larf, and told him that as a *yayer* he had no livin' ekal.

He jumpt up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed, "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal bag stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary travler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment the weary travler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table and the female in the meal bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minits the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a subdood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "Marriage is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay"

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thou never got hitched tos ome likely feller." [N. B.—She was upards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't scarcely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoose me, marm, but I don't think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

"I'm afraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnecessary, marm. *You* ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekently we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbans. There's no children here to worrit us. Nothin to worrit us here. No wicked matrimony here. Would thou like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I, "it ain't my stile."

I had now histed in as big a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortable, and, leanin back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door. "You're a man of sin!" he sed, and groaned and went away.

Direckly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick-lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was dressed in meal bags like the old one I'd met previsly, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I s'pose female Josts wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like

roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his granmother if they axed him to. They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I, "My pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thou speak—Brother Uriah?"

"I mean the gay and festiv cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was Uriah."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have sum fun. Let's play Puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if they was all like you perhaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I seed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt 'em Puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up, sez I, "My pretty dears, ear I go you have no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," they sed, and I *yay'd*.

I went upstairs to bed. I s'pose I'd been snoozin half a hour when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leanin on

my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin picter: The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin appeerel on except his night close, which fluttered in the breeze like a Sesselun flag. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin orf with the pretty little Shakeresses, mounted on my Californy Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville, and that Betsy Jane cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with a panful of bilin water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was reddy for me downstairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin, he went groanin away.

As I was goin threw the entry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'ye s'pose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I, "My Shaker friends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git marrid!"

"You must excoos Brother Uriah," sed the female; "he's subjeck to fits, and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I; "I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.

Arter breakfust my little Shaker frends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we *yay* agin?"

"Nay," they sed, and I *nay'd*.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on tother. They commenst clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder Uriah, in particler, exhiberted a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a double shuffle near where I sot I rewarded him with a approvin smile and said, "Hunky boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss."

"You're a man of sin!" he said, continnering his shuffle.

The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short, fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers, and all was ekal. They was the purest and seleckest peple on the yearth. Other peple was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want goin to stand at the gate to bar' 'em out; if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sung agin, and

arter they was threw one of 'em axtd me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What does it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why, this jumpin up and singin? This long weskit biznis, and this anty-matrimony idee? My frends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a kag of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancesters used to practiss. Your garding seed is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibralter probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your dealins. You air quiet and don't distarb nobody. For all this I givs you credit. But your religion is small pertaters, I must say You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by yourselves nothin ever conflicts with your pecooler idees, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. [I give Uriah a sly wink here, which made the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.] You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your harthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin it from your doors by them weskits, and

meal bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee that they air fulfillin their mishun here, and air contented. Here you air, all pend up by yerselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve round on her own axeltree onct in every 24 hours, subjeck to the Constitution of the United States, and is a very pleasant place of residence. It's a unnatral, onreasonable, and dismal life you're leadin here. So it strikes me. My Shaker friends I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin well. Thank you kindly, one and all."

"A base exhibiter of depraved monkeys an onprincipled wax works!" sed Uriah.

"Hello, Uriah," sez I, "I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I resoomed my jerney.

Colonel Page, who commanded a Pennsylvania regiment in the Civil War, often used to tell laughingly his first experience in marching the raw men who had enlisted for the War of the Rebellion. He was given command of a

company, and, after some preparatory drill, led them down a street in Philadelphia. They marched as well as could be expected for several blocks, when suddenly from the ranks rang out a loud "Halt!"

The men wavered and then came to a full stop

"Who gave that order?" thundered the enraged captain.

"Potts, sir! Potts!" a dozen voices called.

"What do you mean, sir, by giving that order?" demanded the captain.

"Well, sir, I've been trying for two blocks to get this company to keep step with me, and they wouldn't do it. So I stopped them to begin all over again."

Captain Page's anecdote suggests the story of the old Scotchwoman who called on her minister to say that she and her brother John had decided that all the members of the Scottish kirk believed false doctrine and would be lost, and that John and she would in future worship at home by themselves.

"I am very glad," said the minister dryly, "that there are two of you who are right and will be saved."

"Aweel, I'm no sayin'!" said Jean, shaking her head. "Times I hae ma doots o' John."

HIS LAST REQUEST

Ex-Vice-President Stevenson told a story about his friend Joe Blackburn that is said to have nettled the Senator because it came too near to the facts for mutual enjoyment. In early manhood, it is said, the Senator was not conspicuously retiring or reticent to such a degree that it required more than one yoke of oxen to draw from him an opinion upon any public question at any time whatsoever. Mr. Stevenson said that once when a celebrated desperado was to be publicly executed in Kentucky, Joe Blackburn then a rising politician, chanced to be among the spectators. Before the sheriff adjusted the noose to the neck of the condemned man he tendered him the customary privilege of making any dying observations he might desire to for the benefit of his hearers.

"I don't think I've got any remarks that——" the man began to say, when he was cut short by a loud, cheerful voice shouting:

"Say, Bill, if you hain't got anything special to talk about, I wish you would give me about fifteen minutes of your time just to let me say to these good people that I am a candidate for their suffrages, and to show some reasons why——"

"Hold on," said the desperado. "Sheriff, who is this man?"

"That's Blackburn."

"What Blackburn? Joe Blackburn?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. Give him my time. Give him all of it. But go ahead and hang me first and make Blackburn talk afterward."

"I hear you have a little sister at your house," said a Chicago grocer to a small boy the other day.

"Yes, sir," said Johnny.

"Do you like that?" was queried.

"I wish it was a boy," said Johnny, "so I could play mibs with him, an' baseball, an' tag, an' all those things when he got bigger."

"Well," said the storekeeper, "why don't you exchange your little sister for a boy?"

Johnny reflected for a minute, then he said, rather sorrowfully: "We can't now. It's too late. We've used her four days."

President Lincoln once wrote to General McClellan, when the latter was in command of the army. General McClellan, as is well known, conducted a waiting campaign, being so careful not to make any mistakes that he made very little headway. President Lincoln sent this brief but exceedingly pertinent letter:

"*My Dear McClellan:* If you don't want to use the army, I should like to borrow it for awhile. Yours respectfully, A. LINCOLN."

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

MY DOUBLE AND HOW HE UNDID ME

It is not often that I trouble the readers of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I should not trouble them now, but for the importunities of my wife, who "feels to insist" that a duty to society is unfulfilled till I have told why I had to have a double, and how he undid me. She is sure, she says, that intelligent persons cannot understand that pressure upon public servants which alone drives any man into the employment of a double. And while I fear she thinks, at the bottom of her heart, that my fortunes will never be remade, she has a faint hope that, as another Rasselas, I may teach a lesson to future publics from which they may profit, though we die. Owing to the behavior of my double, or, if you please, to that public pressure which compelled me to employ him, I have plenty of leisure to write this communication.

I am, or rather was, a minister, of the Sandemanian connection. I was settled in the active, wide-awake town of Naguadavick, on one of the finest water-powers in Maine. We used to call it a Western town in the heart of the civilization of New England. A charming place it was and is. A spirited, brave young parish had

I, and it seemed as if we might have all "the joy of eventful living" to our heart's content.

Alas! how little we knew on the day of my ordination, and in those halcyon moments of our first housekeeping. To be the confidential friend of a hundred families in the town—cutting the social trifle, as my friend Haliburton says, "from the top of the whipped syllabub to the bottom of the sponge-cake, which is the foundation"—to keep abreast of the thought of the age in one's study, and to do one's best on Sunday to interweave that thought with the active life of an active town, and to inspirit both and to make both infinite by glimpses of the Eternal Glory, seemed such an exquisite forelook into one's life! Enough to do, and all so real and so grand! If this vision could only have lasted!

The truth is, this vision was not in itself a delusion, nor, indeed, half bright enough. If one could only have been left to do his own business, the vision would have accomplished itself and brought out new paraheliacal visions, each as bright as the original. The misery was, and is, as we found out, I and Polly, before long, that besides the vision, and besides the usual human and finite failures in life (such as breaking the old pitcher that came over in the *Mayflower*, and putting into the fire the Alpenstock with which her father climbed Mont Blanc)—besides these, I say (imitating the style of Robinson Crusoe), there were pitchforked in on us a great rowen-heap of humbugs,

handed down from some unknown seed-time, in which we were expected, and I chiefly, to fulfil certain public functions before the community, of the character of those fulfilled by the third row of supernumeraries who stand behind the Sepoys in the spectacle of the "Cataract of the Ganges." They were the duties, in a word, which one performs as member of one or another social class or subdivsion, wholly distinct from what one does as A. by himself A. What invisible power put these functions on me it would be very hard to tell. But such power there was and is. And I had not been at work a year before I found I was living two lives, one real and one merely functional—for two sets of people, one my parish, whom I loved, and the other a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. All this was a vague notion, which everybody had and has, that this second life would eventually bring out some great results, unknown at present, to somebody somewhere.

Crazed by this duality of life, I first read Doctor Wigan on the "Duality of the Brain," hoping that I could train one side of my head to do these outside jobs, and the other to do my intimate and real duties. . . . But Doctor Wigan does not go into these niceties of this subject, and I failed. It was then that, on my wife's suggestion, I resolved to look out for a Double.

I was at first singularly successful. We

happened to be recreating at Stafford Springs that summer. We rode out one day, for one of the relaxations of that watering place, to the great Monson Poorhouse. We were passing through one of the large halls when my destiny was fulfilled!

He was not shaven. He had on no spectacles. He was dressed in a green baize roundabout and faded blue overalls, worn sadly at the knee. But I saw at once that he was of my height—five feet four and a half. He had black hair, worn off by his hat. So have and have not I. He stooped in walking. So do I. His hands were large, and mine. And—choicest gift of Fate in all—he had, not "a strawberry-mark on his left arm," but a cut from a juvenile brickbat over his right eye, slightly affecting the play of that eyebrow. Reader, so have I! My fate was sealed!

A word with Mr. Holly, one of the inspectors settled the whole thing. It proved that this Dennis Shea was a harmless, amiable fellow, of the class known as shiftless, who had sealed his fate by marrying a dumb wife, who was at that moment ironing in the laundry. Before I left Stafford I had hired both for five years. We had applied to Judge Pynchon, then the probate judge at Springfield, to change the name of Dennis Shea to Frederic Ingham. We had explained to the judge, what was the precise truth, that an eccentric gentleman wished to adopt Dennis, under his new name,

into his family. It never occurred to him that Dennis might be more than fourteen years old. And thus, to shorten this preface, when we returned at night to my parsonage at Naguadavick, there entered Mrs. Ingham, her new dumb laundress, myself, who am Mr. Frederic Ingham, and my double, who was Mr. Frederic Ingham, by as good right as I.

Oh, the fun we had the next morning in shaving his beard to my pattern, cutting his hair to match mine, and teaching him how to wear and how to take off gold-bowed spectacles! Really, they were electro-plate, and the glass was plain (for the poor fellow's eyes were excellent). Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches. I had found these would be quite enough for the supernumerary-Sepoy line of life, and it was well for me they were; for though he was good-natured, he was very shiftless, and it was, as our national proverb says, "like pulling teeth" to teach him. But at the end of the next week he could say, with quite my easy and frisky air:

1. "Very well, thank you. And you?" This for an answer to casual salutations.

2. "I am very glad you liked it."

3. "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

4. "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room."

At first I had a feeling that I was going to

be at great cost for clothing him. But it proved, of course, at once, that, whenever he was out, I should be at home. And I went, during the bright period of his success, to so few of those awful pageants which require a black dress-coat and what' the ungodly call, after Mr. Dickens, a white choker, that in the happy retreat of my own dressing-gowns and jackets my days went by as happily and cheaply as those of another Thalaba. And Polly declares there never was a year when the tailoring cost so little. He lived (Dennis, not Thalaba) in his wife's room over the kitchen. He had orders never to show himself at that window. When he appeared in the front of the house, I retired to my sanctissimum and my dressing-gown. In short, the Dutchman and his wife, in the old weather-box, had not less to do with each other than he and I. He made the furnace fire and split the wood before daylight; then he went to sleep again, and slept late; then came for orders, with a red silk bandanna tied round his head, with his overalls on, and his dress-coat and spectacles off. If we happened to be interrupted, no one guessed that he was Frederic Ingham as well as I: and in the neighborhood there grew up an impression that the minister's Irishman worked daytimes in the factory village at New Coventry. After I had given him his orders, I never saw him till the next day.

I launched him by sending him to a meeting

of the Enlightenment Board. The Enlightenment Board consists of seventy-four members, of whom sixty-seven are necessary to form a quorum. . . . At this particular time we had had four successive meetings, averaging four hours each—wholly occupied in whipping in a quorum. At the first only eleven men were present; at the next, by force of three circulars, twenty-seven; at the third, thanks to two days' canvassing by Auchmuty and myself, begging men to come, we had sixty. Half the others were in Europe. But without a quorum we could do nothing. All the rest of us waited grimly for four hours and adjourned without any action. At the fourth meeting we had flagged, and only got fifty-nine together.

But on the first appearance of my double—whom I sent on this fatal Monday to the fifth meeting—he was the *sixty-seventh* man who entered the room. He was greeted with a storm of applause! The poor fellow had missed his way—read the street signs ill through his spectacles (very ill, in fact, without them)—and had not dared to inquire. He entered the room—finding the president and secretary holding to their chairs two judges of the Supreme Court, who were also members *ex officio*, and were begging leave to go away. On his entrance all was changed. *Presto*, the by-laws were suspended, and the Western property was given away. Nobody stopped to converse with him. He voted, as I had charged him to do,

in every instance, with the minority. I won new laurels as a man of sense, though a little unpunctual—and Dennis, *alias* Ingham, returned to the parsonage, astonished to see with how little wisdom the world is governed. He cut a few of my parishioners in the street; but he had his glasses off, and I am known to be near-sighted. Eventually he recognized them more readily than I. . . .

After this he went to several Commencements for me, and ate the dinners provided; he sat through three of our Quarterly Conventions for me—always voting judiciously, by the simple rules mentioned above, of siding with the minority. And I meanwhile, who had before been losing caste among my friends, as holding myself aloof from the association of the body, began to rise in everybody's favor. "Ingham's a good fellow—always on hand"; "never talks much, but does the right thing at the right time;" "is not as unpunctual as he used to be—he comes early, and sits through to the end." "He has got over his old talkative habit, too. I spoke to a friend of his about it once; and I think Ingham took it kindly," etc., etc.

. . . Polly is more rash than I am, as the reader has observed in the outset of this memoir. She risked Dennis one night under the eyes of her own sex. Governor Gorges had always been very kind to us, and, when he gave his great annual party to the town, asked us.

I confess I hated to go. I was deep in the new volume of Pfeiffer's "Mystics," which Haliburton had just sent me from Boston. "But how rude," said Polly, "not to return the Governor's civility and Mrs. George's, when they will be sure to ask why you are away" Still I demurred, and at last she, with the wit of Eve and of Semiramis conjoined, let me off by saying that, if I would go in with her and sustain the initial conversations with the Govenor and the ladies staying there, she would risk Dennis for the rest of the evening. And that was just what we did. She took Dennis in training all that afternoon, instructed him in fashionable conversation, cautioned him against the temptations of the supper table—and at nine in the evening he drove us all down in the carryall. I made the grand star *entrée* with Polly and the pretty Walton girls, who were staying with us. We had put Dennis into a great rough top-coat, without his glasses; and the girls never dreamed, in the darkness, of looking at him. He sat in the carriage, at the door, while we entered. I did the agreeable to Mrs. Gorges, was introduced to her niece, Miss Fernanda; I complimented Judge Jeffries on his decision in the great case of D'Aulnay *vs.* Laconia Mining Company; I stepped into the dressing-room for a moment, stepped out for another, walked home after a nod with Dennis and tying the horse to a pump; and while I walked home, Mr. Frederic Ingham, my double, stepped in

through the library into the Gorges's grand saloon.

Oh! Polly died of laughing as she told me of it at midnight! And even here, where I have to teach my hands to hew the beech for stakes to fence our cave, she dies of laughing as she recalls it—and says that single occasion was worth all we have paid for it. Gallant Eve that she is! She joined Dennis at the library door, and in an instant presented him to Doctor Ochterlony, from Baltimore, who was on a visit in town, and was talking with her as Dennis came in. "Mr. Ingham would like to hear what you were telling us about your success among the German population." And Dennis bowed and said, in spite of a scowl from Polly, "I'm very glad you liked it." But Doctor Ochterlony did not observe, and plunged into the tide of explanation; Dennis listened like a prime minister, and bowing like a mandarin, which is, I suppose, the same thing. . . . So was it that before Doctor Ochterlony came to the "success," or near it. Governor Gorges came to Dennis and asked him to hand Mrs. Jeffries down to supper, a request which he heard with great joy.

Polly was skipping round the room, I guess, gay as a lark. Auchmuty came to her "in pity for poor Ingham," who was so bored by the stupid pundit—and Auchmuty could not understand why I stood it so long. But when Dennis took Mrs. Jeffries down, Polly could not resist standing near them. He was a little flustered,

till the sight of the eatables and drinkables gave him the same Mercian courage which it gave Diggory. A little excited then, he attempted one or two of his speeches to the Judge's lady: But little he knew how hard it was to get in even a *promptu* there edgewise. "Very well, I thank you," said he, after the eating elements were adjusted; "and you?" And then did not he have to hear about the mumps, and the measles, and arnica, and belladonna, and camomile flower, and dodecatheon, till she changed oysters for salad; and then about the old practice and the new, and what her sister said, and what her sister's friend said, and what the physician to her sister's friend said, and then what was said by the brother of the sister of the physician of the friend of her sister, exactly as if it had been in Ollendorff? There was a moment's pause, as she declined champagne. "I am very glad you like it," said Dennis again, which he never should have said but to one who complimented a sermon. "Oh! you are so sharp, Mr. Ingham! No! I never drink any wine at all—except sometimes in summer a little currant shrub—from our own currants, you know. My own mother—that is, I call her my own mother, because you know, I do not remember," etc., etc., etc., till they came to the candied orange at the end of the feast, when Dennis, rather confused, thought he must say something, and tried No. 4—"I agree, in general, with my friend the other side

of the room"—which he never should have said but at a public meeting. But Mrs. Jeffries, who never listens excepting to understand, caught him up instantly with, "Well, I'm sure my husband returns the compliment; he always agrees with you—though we do worship with the Methodists; but you know, Mr. Ingham," etc., etc., etc., till they move upstairs; and as Dennis led her through the hall, he was scarcely understood by any but Polly, as he said, "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

His great resource the rest of the evening was standing in the library, carrying on animated conversations with one and another in much the same way. Polly had initiated him in the mysteries of a discovery of mine, that it is not necessary to finish your sentences in a crowd, but by a sort of mumble, omitting sibilants and details. This, indeed, if your words fail you answers even in public extempore speech, but better where other talking is going on. Thus: "We missed you at the Natural History Society, Ingham." Ingham replies, "I am very gligloglum, that is, that you were mmmmm." By gradually dropping the voice, the interlocutor is compelled to supply the answer. "Mrs. Ingham, I hope your friend Augusta is better." Augusta has not been ill. Polly cannot think of explaining, however, and answers, "Thank you, ma'am; she is very reareson wewahwewoh," in lower and lower tones. And Mrs. Throck-

morton, who forgot the subject of which she spoke as soon as she asked the question, is quite satisfied. Dennis could see into the card-room. and came to Polly to ask if he might not go and play all-fours. But, of course, she refused. At midnight they came home delighted—Polly, wild to tell me the story of the victory; only both the pretty Walton girls said, "Cousin Frederic, you did not come near me all the evening." . . .

But I see I loiter on my story, which is rushing to the plunge. Let me stop an instant more, however, to recall, were it only to myself that charming year while all was yet well. After the double had become a matter of course, for nearly twelve months before he undid me, what a year it was! Full of active life, full of happy love, of the hardest work, of the sweetest sleep, and the fulfilment of so many of the fresh aspirations and dreams of boyhood! Dennis went to every school-committee meeting, and sat through all those late wranglings which used to keep me up till midnight and awake till morning. He attended all the lectures to which foreign exiles sent me tickets begging me to come for the love of Heaven and of Bohemia. He accepted and used all the tickets for charity concerts which were sent to me. He appeared everywhere where it was specially desirable that "our denomination," or "our party," or "our class," or "our family," or "our street," or "our town," or "our country," or "our State," should be fully represented. . . .

Freed from these necessities, that happy year I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes. In those long mornings, when Dennis was in the study explaining to map-pedlers that I had eleven maps of Jerusalem already, and to school-book agents that I would see them hanged before I would be bribed to introduce their text-books into the schools, she and I were at work together, as in those old dreamy days—and in these of our log cabin again. But all this could not last, and at length poor Dennis, my double, overtasked in turn, undid me.

It was thus it happened. There is an excellent fellow—once a minister—I will call him Isaacs—who deserves well of the world till he dies, and after, because he once, in a real exigency, did the right thing, in the right way, at the right time, as no other man could do it. In the world's great football match, the ball by chance found him loitering on the outside of the field; he closed with it, "camped" it, charged it home—yes, right through the other side—not disturbed, not frightened by his own success—and breathless found himself a great man as the Great Delta rang applause. But he did not find himself a rich man; and the football has never come in his way again. From that moment to this moment he has been of no use, that one can see, at all. Still, for that great act we speak of Isaacs gratefully and remember him kindly; and he forges on, hoping

to meet the football somewhere again. In that vague hope he had arranged a "movement" for a general organization of the human family into Debating Clubs, County Societies, State Unions, etc., etc., with a view of inducing all children to take hold of the handles of their knives and forks, instead of the metal. Children have bad habits in that way. The movement, of course, was absurd; but we all did our best to forward, not it, but him. It came time for the annual county meeting on this subject to be held at Naguadavick. Isaacs came round, good fellow! to arrange for it—got the town-hall, got the Governor to preside (the saint! He ought to have triplet doubles provided him by law), and then came to get me to speak. "No," I said, "I would not speak if ten Governors presided. I do not believe in the enterprise. If I spoke, it should be to say children should take hold of the prongs of the forks and *the* blades of the knives. I would subscribe ten dollars, but I would not speak a mill." So poor Isaacs went his way sadly, to coax Auchmuty to speak, and Delafield. I went out. Not long after, he came back and told Polly that they promised to speak, the Governor would speak, and he himself would close with the quarterly report and some interesting anecdotes regarding Miss Biffin's way of handling her knife and Mr. Nellis's way of footing his fork. "Now, if Mr. Ingham will only come and sit on the platform, he need not say

one word; but it will show well in the paper—it will show that the Sandemanians take as much interest in the movement as the Armenians or the Mesopotamians, and will be a great favor to me." Polly, good soul: was tempted, and she promised. She knew Mrs. Isaacs was starving, and the babies—she knew Dennis was at home—and she promised! Night came, and I returned. I heard her story. I was sorry. I doubted. But Polly had promised to beg me. and I dared all! I told Dennis to hold his peace, under all circumstances, and sent him down.

It was not half an hour more before he returned wild with excitement—in a perfect Irish fury—which it was long before I understood. But I knew at once that he had undone me!

What happened was this. The audience got together, attracted by Governor Gorges's name. There were a thousand people. Poor Gorges was late from Augusta. They became impatient. He came in direct from the train at last, really ignorant of the object of the meeting. He opened it in the fewest possible words, and said other gentlemen were present who would entertain them better than he.

The audience was disappointed, but waited. The Governor, prompted by Isaacs, said, "The Honorable Mr. Delafield will address you." Delafield had forgotten the knives and forks, and was playing the Ruy Lopez opening at the chess club.

"The Reverend Mr. Auchmuty will address you." Auchmuty had promised to speak late, and was at the school committee.

"I see Doctor Stearns in the hall; perhaps he will say a word." Doctor Stearns said he had come to listen and not to speak.

The Governor and Isaacs whispered. The Governor looked at Dennis, who was resplendent on the platform; but Isaacs, to give him his due, shook his head. But the look was enough.

A miserable lad, ill-bred, who had once been in Boston, thought it would sound well to call for me, and peeped out "Ingham!" A few more wretches cried "Ingham! Ingham!" Still Isaacs was firm; but the Governor, anxious, indeed, to prevent a row, knew I would say something, and said: "Our friend, Mr. Ingham, is always prepared; and, though we had not relied upon him, he will say a word perhaps."

Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose, fluttered, and tried No. 3: "There has been so much said, and, on the whole, so well said, that I will not longer occupy the time!" and sat down, looking for his hat; for things seemed squally.

But the people cried "Go on! Go on!" and some applauded. Dennis, still confused, but flattered by the applause, to which neither he nor I are used, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you

liked it!" in a sonorous, clear delivery. My best friends stared. All the people who did not know me personally yelled with delight at the aspect of the evening; the Governor was beside himself, and poor Isaacs thought he was undone! Alas, it was I! A boy in the gallery cried in a loud tone, "It's all an infernal humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree, in general, with my friend the other side of the room." The Governor doubted his senses and crossed to stop him—not in time, however The same gallery boy shouted, "How's your mother?" and Dennis, now completely lost, tried, as his last shot, No. 1, vainly: "Very well, thank you; and you?"

I think I must have been undone already. But Dennis, like another Lockhard, chose "to make sicker."

The audience rose in a whirl of amazement, rage and sorrow. Some other impertinence, aimed at Dennis, broke all restraint, and, in pure Irish, he delivered himself of an address to the gallery, inviting any person who wished to fight to come down and do so, stating that they were all dogs and cowards and the sons of dogs and cowards, that he would take any five of them single-handed. "Shure, I have said all his Riverence and the Misthress bade me say," cried he in defiance; and, seizing the Governor's cane from his hand, brandished it, quarter-staff fashion,

above his head. He was, indeed, got from the hall only with the greatest difficulty by the Governor, the City Marshal, who had been called in, and the Superintendent of my Sunday-school.

The universal impression, of course, was that the Reverend Frederic Ingham had lost all command of himself in some of those haunts of intoxication which for fifteen years I had been laboring to destroy. Till this moment, indeed, that is the impression in Naguadavick. This number of the *Atlantic* will relieve from it a hundred friends of mine who have been sadly wounded by that notion now for years; but I shall not be likely ever to show my head there again.

No. My double has undone me.

We left town at seven the next morning. I came to No. 9, in the Third Range, and settled on the Minister's Lot. In the new towns in Maine, the first settled minister has a gift of a hundred acres of land. I am the first settled minister in No. 9. My wife and little Paulina are my parish. We raise corn enough to live on in summer. We kill bear's meat enough to carbonize it in winter. I work on steadily on my "Traces of Sandemanianism in the Sixth and Seventh Centuries," which I hope to persuade Phillips, Sampson & Company to publish next year. We are very happy, but the world thinks we are undone.—*If, yes, and perhaps.*

'OFF AT BUFFALO"

"Now see here, porter," said he briskly, "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar gold piece. Now I may wake up hard, for I have been dining to-night and will probably feel rocky. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off at Syracuse."

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian, ramming the bright coin into his trousers pocket. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin-giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling: "Rochester! Thirty minutes for refreshments!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where is that —— coon?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers, he went in search of the object of his wrath, and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn, and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Been in an accident? Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" ejaculated the porter, jumping to his feet, as his eyes bulged from his head. "Was

you de gemman what guf ter me a five-dollah gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well, den, befoah de Lawd, who was dat gemman I put off at Syracuse?"

The following story was recently told by a Galveston high school teacher:

At one time there were visiting in that city the famous Tom Ochiltree and Mr. Mackay, the California millionaire, and the teacher in question gave out one day "Our Visitors" as the subject for a composition. Among those which were submitted was one by a bright girl which commenced as follows:

"We have in our midst two distinguished visitors, Mr. Mackay and Tom Ochiltree, representing, respectively, gold from California and brass from Texas."

One of Travers's best *bon mots* was inspired by the sight of the Siamese twins. After carefully examining the mysterious ligature that had bound them together from birth, he looked up blankly at them and said: "B-b-br-brothers, I presume?"

Mr. Clews says that the last time he saw Travers, the genial broker called at his office. Looking at the tape, Clews remarked: "The market is pretty stiff to-day, Travers."

"Y-y-yes, but it is the st-st-stiffness of d-d-death."

BRET HARTE

TO THE PLIOCENE SKULL

A Geological Address

Speak, O man, less recent! Fragmentary fossil!
Primal pioneer of pliocene formation.
Hid in lowest drifts below the earliest stratum
Of volcanic tufa!

"Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium;
Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogami;
Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
Of earth's epidermis!

"Eo—Mio—Plio—whatsoe'er the 'cene' was
That those vacant sockets filled with awe and wonder—
Whether shores Devonian or Silurian beaches—
Tell us thy strange story!

"Or has the professor slightly antedated
By some thousand years thy advent on this planet,
Giving thee an air that's somewhat better fitted
For cold-blooded creatures?

"Wert thou true spectator of that mighty forest
When above thy head the stately Sigillaria

Reared its columned trunks in that remote and distant
Carboniferous epoch?

"Tell us of that scene—the dim and watery woodland
Songless, silent, hushed, with never bird or insect,
Veiled with spreading fronds and screened with tall club-mosses,
Lycopodiacea—

"When beside thee walked the solemn Plesiosaurus,
And around thee crept the festive Ichthyosaurus,
While from time to time above thee flew and circled
Cheerful Pterodactyls.

"Tell us of thy food—those half-marine refections,
Crinoids on the shell and Brachiopods *au naturel*—
Cuttlefish to which the *pieuvre* of Victor Hugo
Seems a periwinkle.

"Speak, thou awful vestige of the Earth's creation—
Solitary fragment of remains organic!
Tell the wondrous secret of thy past existence—
Speak! thou oldest primate!"

To the Pliocene Skull

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication,
Ground the teeth together.

And, from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came these hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expectoration:

"Which my name is Bowers, and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County.
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!"

The Professor (at the dinner table): "Oh, by the way, Mrs. Chopsticks, have you seen your little boy, Willie, lately?"

Mrs. Chopsticks: "No, Professor, I have not seen him since 10 o'clock, and I can't imagine what has become of him. In fact, I am very much worried about him."

Professor: "Well, seeing Martha pour me out that glass of water just now reminded me of something that I had on my mind to tell you some time ago, but which unfortunately escaped my mind. It was just about 10 o'clock, I think, that I saw Willie fall down the well."

WILLIAM L. ALDEN

GIBBERISH

It is estimated that there are at this moment seven million small boys in this country. Of this number—if we except those who are deaf, dumb, blind, and idiotic—there is not one who is not familiar with that mystic formula known as "aina maina mona mike," and who does not habitually use it as a means of divining who shall be "it" in the various games incident to boyhood. How each successive generation of small boys comes into the possession of this formula is one of the most profound and difficult questions of the age.

The superficial thinker fancies that the solution of this problem is a very simple one. He hastily assumes that one generation teaches "aina maina" to its successors, and that the knowledge of the formula is thus handed down from father to son. But is there a single instance on record in which a father has deliberately imparted this knowledge to his son? We all know from our own experience that long before we have arrived at manhood, and become seized and possessed of our personal small boy we have forgotten the lore of our childhood, and hence are not in a condition to impart

it to any one. There always comes a period in our lives when we hear our sons rehearsing "aina maina" with confidence and accuracy, and as we suddenly remember that we, too, once knew those mystic words, we wonder whence the new generation of small boys learned them. The fact that fathers do not teach them to their sons will appear so plain, upon a very little reflection, that it is unnecessary to dwell longer upon it at this time. In whatever way the venerable formula comes into the possession of one generation, it is quite certain that it is not learned from the previous generation.

It is a noteworthy fact that no small boy is ever able to tell from whom he learned "aina maina." If we ask any casual small boy who taught him the mysterious syllables, he will invariably reply "Dunno," and promptly change the subject. We cannot tell how we ourselves learned them, and all our memory can tell us is that there was an exceedingly remote period when we did not know them, and a somewhat later period when they were perfectly familiar to us. Here, then, we have the remarkable phenomenon of an elaborate formula in an unknown tongue, which every boy knows, without knowing from what source he learned it, and as to which we simply know that he does no learn it from the preceding generation. Whence comes the knowledge, and in what way is it handed down through the centuries? This is a

problem which Sir Isaac Newton said he "would be hanged if he could solve," and of which Comte remarked "that it is beyond the limit of our intellectual powers, and hence should not receive the slightest attention."

The ancient sages and philosophers were as much in the dark as to this matter as we are. Plato mentions that Iphigenia was selected for the sacrifice by a soothsayer, who repeated "aina maina" until the lot fell upon that unhappy damsel; and he adds, "that this method of divination was brought to Greece by Cadmus, who doubtless learned it from the barbarians." This may or may not be true, but in either case it throws no light upon the question how the formula has been handed down to the present day. Socrates alluded to the matter once, if not twice, and is reported to have said to Alcibiades: "Tell me now, Alcibiades, whence did you learn to divine through (or by means of) 'aina maina'?" to which Alcibiades replied, "I dunno." "Then," continued the sage, "it is impious for you to ask me how it happened that I was last night banged as to the head with the dirt-devouring broom; for he has no right to propose delicate personal conundrums who is unable, whether through his own dulness or the displeasure of the gods, to answer simple questions in two syllables." This shows that Socrates perceived the mystery which enshrouds the subject, but it does not appear that he ever penetrated it.

Now, it is evident that if the knowledge of this strange formula is not taught by one generation to another—and we know perfectly well that it is not—it must be developed spontaneously in every small boy's mind. The small boy has his measles and chicken-pox, and other strictly juvenile physical diseases, and he ought, by analogy, to have some form of mental disease peculiar to his age. Medical men are well aware that talking in unknown tongues—or gibbering, as it is usually called—is a symptom of certain forms of brain disease, and it is credibly asserted that most of the remarks made in unknown tongues by the followers of the erratic Edward Irving were simply repetitions of "aina maina." Let us, then, suppose that when the small boy suddenly breaks out with the same curious formula, it is a symptom of a juvenile brain disease, just as the eruption which at some time roughens every small boy's surface is a symptom of chicken-pox. This hypothesis fully explains the whole mystery. No small boy learns the chicken-pox from his father, and yet every small boy has it. No small boy learns "aina maina" from his father, and yet if a small boy were to be kept in solitary confinement from his birth up to his fourteenth year, he would infallibly break out with the knowledge of "aina maina." When a hypothesis meets all the facts of any given case, it may properly be accepted until another and better hypothesis is devised. The hypothesis that

this knowledge of "aina maina" is a symptom of brain disease stands precisely upon the same ground as the hypothesis of development, and the moment this fact is brought to Professor Huxley's attention he will adopt the one as eagerly as he has adopted the other.—*Shooting Stars.*

AN UNNECESSARY INVENTION

Few people have any accurate idea of the immense number of ingenious inventions that are annually patented at Washington. It is creditable to the inventors that for the most part these inventions are intended to serve some really useful end and to meet some obvious want. Nevertheless, there are inventors who appear to have more desire to display their ingenuity than to accomplish any public benefit. Such inventors are akin in spirit to those captious persons who decline to rent a room or an office unless it possesses facilities for swinging a cat, although they have not the remotest intention of ever performing that exciting but frivolous experiment. The Patent Office contains numerous models of machines framed with the utmost skill, but intended for purposes for which no man will ever desire to employ them, or which are hostile to the best interests of the community. We may admire the ingenuity of these machines, but at the same time

we must regret that the inventors have wasted or perverted their abilities.

It is to this latter class of inventions that the recently patented "Smith Rolling and Crushing Machine" undoubtedly belongs—unless, indeed, the nature and object of the invention have been grossly misrepresented. As its name implies, it is obviously intended for diminishing the number of Smiths. It is understood that it consists of a series of heavy rollers resembling those by which iron plates are rolled, and also of a pair of gigantic grindstones of novel pattern and enormous power, the whole being set in motion by a 12-horse-power engine. Its method of operation is at once simple and effective. The operator takes a Smith of any size, and, adjusting the gear of the rollers to the exact width to which it is desired to roll the Smith, gently inserts his head between the rollers. The machine is then set in motion, and in the brief space of fifty-eight seconds the Smith is rolled to any desirable degree of thinness. If a Smith is to be crushed, he is placed in a hopper communicating with the grindstones, and after a rapid trituration, varying from two minutes to five minutes, according to the size and toughness of the Smith, he is reduced to a fine and evenly ground powder, in which such foreign substances as buttons or shirt-studs can be detected only by the most delicate chemical tests. The inventor, so it is said, claims that by a very simple mechanical attach-

ment the machine can be made to roll or crush Smythes and Schmidts with equal efficiency, and he is confident that the general principle underlying his invention can be applied to Brown-crushing or Robinson-rolling machines.

Now we may fully appreciate the ingenuity displayed in the conception of the Smith roller and crusher, and the skill with which that conception has been embodied in iron and grindstones. A grave objection, however, can be urged against the invention, and that is that there is no evidence of any existing demand for such a machine. That there is a large quantity of Smiths, not to speak of Smythes and Schmidts, in this country is undeniable. There is, however, no proof that the volume of Smiths is more than commensurate with the necessities of business. It may be conceded that, at certain times and in certain limited localities, there is an excess of Smiths. A plethora of Smiths in one place, however, implies a corresponding paucity of Smiths in another, and the difficulty soon regulates itself. It may be confidently asserted that the great law of supply and demand can be trusted to preserve the balance of Smiths from any serious disturbance. Hence it is sufficiently plain that there is no need of a sudden contraction of the volume of Smiths, and that the Smith roller and crusher is wholly superfluous.

There is still another objection to the machine, which is, at least, as serious as that already

suggested. No one will deny that, were it desired to contract the volume of Smiths by a certain definite number, every week or month, the Smith roller and crusher would accomplish that end with thoroughness and success. A Smith when once rolled to the uniform thinness of a quarter of an inch, or crushed to the fineness of ground coffee, would be of no further use as a Smith. But why employ costly machinery to roll and crush Smiths, when they could be retired with equal efficiency in a dozen different and less expensive ways? The inventor has as yet made no suggestion as to the possible uses to which a rolled Smith might be put; neither has he proposed any plan for the utilization of crushed Smiths. On the other hand, it is perfectly evident that one result of his process would be the financial ruin of the coffin-makers, who, as is well known, regard the Smiths as their most valuable clients. The more closely the invention is studied, the more plainly is it seen that it meets no real want, and that it proposes to do, in an elaborate and costly way, what might be done more simply and cheaply. It is an unpleasant task to say to an ingenious inventor, "You have wasted your labor and have produced what is, at best, only a curious scientific toy." This, however, must be the universal verdict upon the Smith roller and crusher. The rich and idle amateur of science may occasionally amuse himself by rolling or crushing Smiths in his private labora-

tory or workshop, but it is folly to suppose that the machine will ever come into general use, or that the inventor or the public will ever reap any decided benefit from it.—*The Comic Liar.*

Roscoe Conkling came into Charles O'Conor's office one day in quite a nervous state.

"You seem to be very much excited, Mr. Conkling," said Mr. O'Conor, as Roscoe walked up and down the room.

"Yes, I'm provoked—I am provoked," said Mr. Conkling. "I never had a client dissatisfied about my fee before."

"Well, what's the matter?" asked O'Conor.

"Why, I defended Gibbons for arson, you know. He was convicted, but I did hard work for him. I took him to the Superior Court and he was convicted; then to the Supreme Court, and the Supreme Court confirmed the judgment and gave him ten years. I charged him six hundred dollars, and Gibbons is grumbling about it—says it is too much. Now, Mr. O'Conor I ask you, was that too much?"

"Well," said O'Conor very deliberately, "of course you did a great deal of work, and six hundred dollars is not a big fee; but to be frank with you, Mr. Conkling, my deliberate opinion is that he might have been convicted for less money."

HIS IDEA

After Mr. Scadds left the station he experienced a severe shock upon discovering that a packet of bank-notes which he was taking to the city was nowhere about his person.

He must have left it in the Pullman car.

"I'll go to the superintendent's office and make my loss known," he thought; and he did.

"I left a packet containing $5,000 in bank-notes in a Pullman car not half an hour ago," said Mr. Scadds to the official.

"Which train?"

"The one which arrived at 9:15."

"Have you your Pullman check?"

Fortunately he had, and this enabled the superintendent to send for the conductor. He soon arrived, for he had not yet finished the report of his trip, and was still in the building.

"Conductor," said the superintendent, "did you see anything of a package left in your car?"

"No, sir."

"Porter didn't turn anything over to you?"

"No, sir."

"Bring the porter here."

He was brought.

"Did you see anything of a small packet after the passengers left your car?"

"Yes, sah."

"You haven't turned it in?'

"Why, no, sah. It was a lot of money, sah."

"Precisely. Where is it now?"

"Here, sah."

It was produced from an inside pocket.

Mr. Scadds's eyes brightened when he saw the roll.

"That's it," he exclaimed. He counted the money and it was all there, the entire $5,000.

"Look here, Porter," said the superintendent, severely. "I want to know why you did not bring that packet to me the moment you got your fingers on it?"

"Why, sah," replied the man with an injured air. "I s'posed de gemman had left it for a tip, sah. That's why, sah."

"EXPLANATORY.—Last week we announced that we were going on the trail of J. B. Davis, the Apache Avenue grocer, and that this week's issue would contain an *exposé* calculated to startle the community. We had more than a column of it in type when Mr. Davis called at the *Kicker* office and subscribed for the paper and gave us a column 'ad.' for a year.

"Mr. Davis is not only a genial, whole-souled gentleman, worthy of a place in our best society, but an enterprising, go-ahead citizen who is a credit to the whole State. When you want the best of goods at the lowest prices call on him."—*Arizona Kicker in Detroit Free Press.*

PLUMBERS

Speaking of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men I know; and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. I suspect the secret of it is, that they are agreeable by the hour. In the dryest days my fountain became disabled; the pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it—talk by the hour. Some of their guesses and remarks were exceedingly ingenious; and their general observations on other subjects were excellent in their way, and could hardly have been better if they had been made by the job. The work dragged a little—as it is apt to do by the hour. The plumbers had occasion to make me several visits. Sometimes they would find, upon arrival, that they had forgotten some indispensable tool, and one would go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it, and his companion would await his return with the most exemplary patience, and sit down and talk—always by the hour. I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They

seemed to me very good workmen, and always willing to stop and talk about the job, or anything else, when I went near them. Nor had they any of that impetuous hurry that is said to be the bane of our American civilization. To their credit be it said, that I never observed anything of it in them. They can afford to wait. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. They are patient and philosophical. It is a great pleasure to meet such men. One only wishes there was some work he could do for *them* by the hour. There ought to be reciprocity. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of Life: it is to work for other people, never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety, and little work. If you do things by the job you are perpetually driven: the hours are scourges. If you work by the hour, you gently sail on the stream of Time, which is always bearing you on to the haven of Pay, whether you make any effort or not. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. A plumber working by the job, trying to unscrew a rusty, refractory nut in a cramped position, where the tongs continually slipped off would swear; but I never heard one of them swear, or exhibit the least impatience at such a vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

CHARLES F. BROWNE
("Artemus Ward")

A. W. TO HIS WIFE

BOSTON

DEAR BETSY: I write you this from Boston "the Modern Atkins," as it is denomyunated, altho' I skurcely know what those air. I'll giv you a kursoory view of this city. I'll klassify the paragrafs under seprit headin's, arter the stile of those Emblems of Trooth and Poority the Washington correspongdents:

COPPS' HILL

The winder of my room commands a exileratin' view of Copps' Hill, where Cotton Mather, the father of the Reformers and sich, lies berried. There is men even now who worship Cotton, and there is wimin who wear him next their harts. But I do not weep for him. He's bin ded too lengthy. I ain't goin to be absurd, like old Mr. Skillins, in our naborhood, who is ninety-six years of age, and gets drunk every 'lection day, and weeps Bitturly because he hain't got no Parents. He's a nice Orphan, he is.

MR. FANUEL

Old Mr. Fanuel is ded, but his Hall is still into full blarst. This is the Cradle in which the Goddess of Liberty was rocked, my dear. The Goddess hasn't bin very well durin the past few years, and the num'ris quack doctors she called in didn't help her any; but the old gal's physicians now are men who understand their bisness, Major-generally speakin, and I think the day is near when she'll be able to take her three meals a day, and sleep nights as comf'bly as in the old time.

THE LEGISLATUR

The State House is filled with Statesmen, but sum of 'em wear queer hats. They buy 'em I take it, of hatters who carry on hat stores downstairs in Dock Square, and whose hats is either ten years ahead of the prevailin stile, or ten years behind it—jest as a intellectooal person sees fit to think about it. I had the pleasure of talkin with sevril members of the legislatur. I told 'em the Eye of 1,000 ages was onto we American peple of to-day. They seemed deeply impressed by the remark, and wantid to know if I had seen the Grate Orgin.

HARVARD COLLEGE

This celebrated institootion is pleasantly situated in the Barroom of Parker's, in School Street,

and has poopils from all over the country. I had a letter, yes'd'y, by the way, from our mootual son, Artemus, Jr., who is at Bowdoin College, in Maine. He writes that he is a Bowdoin Arab & is it cum to this? Is this Boy, as I nurtered with a Parent's care into his childhood's hour—is he goin to be a Grate American humorist? Alars! I fear it is too troo. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travelin Vegetable Pill Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last County Fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these Boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em. But my father he never had no occasion to worrit about me. You know, Betsy, that when I fust commenced my career as a moral exhibitor with a six-legged cat and a Bass drum, I was only a simple peasant child—skurce 15 summers had flow'd over my youthful hed. But I had sum mind of my own. My father understood this. "Go," he said—"go, my son, and hog the public!" (He ment, "knock em," but the old man was allus a little given to slang.) He put his withered han tremblin'ly onto my hed, and went sadly into the house. I thought I saw tears tricklin down his venerable chin, but it might hav been tobacker jooce. He chaw'd.

WHERE THE FUST BLUD WAS SPILT

I went over to Lexington yes'd'y. My Boosum hov with sollum emotions. "& this,"

I said to a man who was drivin a yoke of oxen, "this is where our Revoloötionary forefathers asserted their independence and spilt their Blud. Classic ground!"

"Wall," this man said, "it's good for white beans and potatoes, but as regards raisin wheat, 't ain't worth a dam. But hav you seen the Grate Orgin?"

THE POOTY GIRL IN SPECTACLES

I returned in the Hoss Cars, part way. A pooty girl in spectacles sot near me, and was tellin a young man how much he reminded her of a man she used to know in Waltham. Pooty soon the young man got out; and, smilin' in a seductiv manner, I said to the girl in spectacles, "Don't *I* remind you of somebody you used to know?"

"Yes," she sed, "you do remind me of one man, but he was sent to the penitentiary for stealin a Bar'l of mackril—he died there, so I conclood you ain't *him*." I didn't pursoo the conversation. I only heard her silvery voice once more durin the remainder of the jerney. Turnin to a respectable lookin female of advanced summers, she asked her if she had seen the Grate Orgin.

RICHMOND, MAY 18, 1865

The old man finds hisself once more in a Sunny climb. I cum here a few days arter the city catterpillertulated.

A. W. to His Wife

My naburs seemed surprised & astonisht at this darin bravery onto the part of a man at my time of life, but our family was never know'd to quale in danger's stormy hour.

My father was a sutler in the Revolootion War. My father once had a intervoo with Gin'ral La Fayette.

He asked La Fayette to lend him five dollars, promisin to pay him in the fall; but Lafy said "he couldn't see it in those lamps." Lafy was French, and his knowledge of our langwidge was a little shaky.

Immejutly on my 'rival here I perceeded to the Spotswood House, and callin to my assistans a young man from our town who writes a good runnin hand, I put my ortograph on the Register, and handin my umbrella to a baldheded man behind the counter, who I s'posed was Mr. Spotswood, I said, "Spotsy, how does she run?"

He called a cullud purson, and sed:

"Show the gen'l'man to the cowyard, and giv him cart number 1."

"Isn't Grant here?" I sed. "Perhaps Ulyssis wouldn't mind my turnin in with him."

"Do you know the Gin'ral?" inquired Mr. Spotswood.

"Wal, no, not 'zacky; but he'll remember me. His brother-in-law's Aunt bought her rye meal of my Uncle Levi all one winter. My Uncle Levi's rye meal was——"

"Pooh! pooh!" sed Spotsy. "Don't bother me," and he shuv'd my umbrella onto the floor.

Obsarvin to him not to be so keerless with that wepin, I accompanied the African to my lodgin's.

"My brother," I sed, "air you aware that you've been 'mancipated? Do you realize how glorus it is to be free? Tell me, my dear brother, does it not seem like some dream, or do you realize the great fact in all its livin and holy magnitood?"

He sed he would take some gin.

I was show'd to the cowyard, and laid down under a one-mule cart. The hotel was orful crowded, and I was sorry I hadn't gone to the Libby Prison. Tho I should hav slept comf'ble enuff if the bedclothes hadn't bin pulled off me durin the night by a scoundrul who cum and hitched a mule to the cart and druv it off. I thus lost my cuverin, and my throat feels a little husky this mornin.

Gin'ral Hullock offers me the hospitality of the city, givin me my choice of hospitals.

He has also very kindly placed at my disposal a smallpox amboolance.

There is raly a great deal of Union sentiment in this city. I see it on ev'ry hand.

I met a man to-day—I am not at liberty to tell his name, but he is a old and inflooential citizen of Richmond, and sez he, "Why! we've bin fightin agin the Old Flag! Lor' bless me, how sing'lar!" He then borrer'd five dollars of me and bust into a flood of teers.

Sed another (a man of standin, and formerly a bitter rebuel) "Let us at once stop this

effooshun of Blud! The Old Flag is good enuff for me. Sir," he added, "you air from the North! Have you a doughnut or a piece of custard pie about you?"

I told him no; but I knew a man from Vermont who had just organized a sort of restaurant, where he could go and make a very comfortable breakfast on New England rum and cheese. He borrowed fifty cents of me, and askin me to send him Wm. Lloyd Garrison's ambrotype as soon as I got home, he walked off.

Sed another: "There's bin a tremendious Union feelin' here from the fust. But we was kept down by a rain of terror. Have you a dagerretype of Wendell Phillips about your person? and will you lend me four dollars for a few days till we air once more a happy and united people?"

Robert Lee is regarded as a noble feller.

He was opposed to the war at the fust, and draw'd his sword very reluctant. In fact, he wouldn't hav draw'd his sword at all, only he had a large stock of military clothes on hand, which he didn't want to waste. He sez the colored man is right, and he will at once go to New York and open a Sabbath School for Negro minstrels.

Feelin a little peckish, I went into a eatin house to-day and encountered a young man with long black hair and slender frame. He didn't wear much clothes, and them as he did

wear looked onhealthly. He frowned on me and sed, kinder scornful, "So, sir—you cum here to taunt us in our hour of trouble, do you?"

"No," sed I, "I cum here for hash!"

"Pish-haw," he sed, sneerin'ly, "I mean, you air in this city for the purpuss of gloatin over a fallen peple. Others may basely succumb, but as for me, I will never yield—*never, never!*"

"Hav suthin to eat?" I pleasantly suggested.

"Tripe and onions!" he sed furcely; then he added, "I eat with you, but I hate you. You're a low-lived Yankee!"

To which I pleasantly replied, "How'll you have your tripe?"

"Fried, mudsill! with plenty of ham-fat!"

He et very ravenus. Poor feller! He had lived on odds and ends for several days, eatin crackers that had bin turned over by revelers in the bread tray at the bar.

He got full at last, and his hart softened a little to-ards me. "After all," he sed, "you hav sum peple at the North who air not wholly loathsum beasts!"

"Well, yes," I sed, "we hav now and then a man among us who isn't a cold-bluded scoundril. Young man," I mildly but gravely sed, "this crooil war is over, and you're lickt! It's rather necessary for sumbody to lick in a good, square lively fite, and in this 'ere case it happen to be the United States of America. You fit splendid, but we was too many for you. Then

make the best of it, & let us all give in, and put the Republic on a firmer basis nor ever.

"I don't gloat over your misfortins, my young fren. Fur from it. I'm a old man now, & my hart is softer nor it once was. You see my spectacles is misten'd with suthin very like tears. I'm thinkin of the sea of good rich Blud that has bin spilt on both sides in this dredful war! I'm thinkin of our widders and orfuns North, and of yourn in the South. I kin cry for both. B'leeve me, my young fren,' I kin place my old hands tenderly on the fair yung hed of the Virginny maid whose lover was laid low in the battle-dust by a Fed'ral bullet, and say, as fervently and piously as a vener'ble sinner like me kin say anythin', 'God be good to you, my poor dear, my poor dear.' "

I riz up to go, & takin my yung Southern fren kindly by the hand, I sed, "Yung man, adoo! You Southern fellers is prob'ly my brothers, tho' you've occasionally had a cussed queer way of showin it! It's over now. Let us all jine in and make a country on this continent that shall give all Europe the cramp in the stummuck ev'ry time they look at us! Adoo, adoo!"

And as I am through, I'll likewise say adoo to you, jentle reader, merely remarkin that the Star Spangled Banner is wavin round loose agin, and that there don't seem to be anything the matter with the Goddess of Liberty beyond a slite cold.

General Edward E. Bryant, of Madison, tells a story about a pious man in the crew of an ironclad. This man had been told one evening that in all probability the next day would witness a great battle. When he prayed that night, he put special stress upon the plea that the vessel upon which he and his comrades were serving might escape disaster, saying among other things: "O Lord, shield us from the shells and other projectiles of the enemy, but if any shells and solid shot do come to our vessel, I pray Thee that they may be distributed as prize money is distributed—mostly among the officers."

A gallant captain was called up by his colonel to explain his assaulting the sentry on his return to barracks after dinner on the previous night. The captain had forgotten the incident entirely. The sentry declared that the officer was evidently drunk. The captain's Irish soldier servant, however, emphatically protested that his master was sober. "How is it that you are so sure that he was sober?" asked the Colonel "Did he speak to you?" "He did, sor." "What did he say?" "He told me to be sure and call him early in the morning, sorr." "That seems all right," said the colonel; "and did—ah—did the captain say why he wished to be called early?" "He did, sorr. He said he was going to be Queen of May."

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